



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 27 – Number 1

May 2009

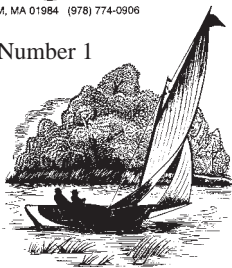
**Special Features This Issue**  
“Scooters on Great South Bay”  
“Canoeing Maine’s Naticous Lake”  
“The Night the Boat Danced”  
“A Boat Named Alice” — “Sculling Sideways”



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# Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



On the facing page is a welcome announcement from Peter Vermilya of Mystic Seaport Museum that the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop returns this June. My prediction made a while back that the long-running (since 1972) Small Craft Workshop at the Seaport would never return following its 2008 cancellation was wrong and I'm happy to have erred in my opinion. When you read Peter's announcement you will see why the event is on again, in effect the Seaport is making it affordable. This year you can attend and bring along your own boat to share with like-minded small craft folks for only \$20. And you can participate in how the event will be run. Read what Peter has to say about this.

This event is the pioneer of such gatherings, launched by John Gardner 37 years ago when the US Coast Guard was developing small craft "level flotation" criteria that would have made all traditional small craft designs unacceptable for sale and use. Traditional small boat builders were not consulted by the rule makers so Gardner led the troops to the barricades to forestall this disaster being promulgated in the name of the great god "Safety."

His mechanism for gathering the troops was to hold a gathering at the Seaport, where he was Small Craft Curator. This group effort succeeded in saving traditional small craft from extinction and was so thoroughly enjoyed that it was decided to hold another "workshop" in 1973. On the following pages I have reprinted Gardner's report on that gathering published in *National Fisherman*, to which John was a regular contributor of Notes & Comments on the (at the time) tiny and shrinking world of traditional small craft. Our thanks go to John's daughter, *National Fisherman*, and Mystic Seaport for permission to use the article and photos. After the success of this tremendous 1973 gathering the event was on its way to a 35-year life annually gathering the faithful until its sudden cancellation in 2008.

When you read the article you will gain an insight into the enthusiasm and interest that Gardner was generating. His writing was as matter of fact as traditional boat building, yet despite total lack of inspirational rhetoric he

motivated many to look further into the rewards to be had utilizing traditional ways and tools. He so motivated me that this led to my attending the Small Craft Workshop at Mystic in 1979. I was so enraptured (as are all who discover a new enthusiasm) that I subsequently organized a local North Shore (Massachusetts) small craft club, which continues on today as a chapter of the TSCA. And in due course this led to my launching this magazine.

With the increasingly popular Small Craft Festival at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, recently celebrating its 25th year, and with the Florida Maritime Museum in Cortez hosting its 4th Small Craft Festival last month, it was particularly saddening to see the Gardner Workshop succumbing to whatever financial pressures that Mystic was enduring. The escalation of the cost to attend to \$45 in an apparent effort to pay its costs led to dwindling attendance. This got you into the event and a box lunch. Chesapeake's \$50 covers entry to the event, a celebratory evening dinner, and free camping on the museum grounds. A good value.

Well, thanks to the efforts of Peter Vermilya and other loyal believers, Mystic has chosen to bring back the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop without frills and make the event affordable this year. I feel that all of us (who live within reasonable traveling distance of Mystic) who derive pleasure and reward from messing about in small boats should respond to this resurrection by attending this June. Those so inclined should accept Peter's invitation to help out to make it a truly memorable occasion. Traditional small craft survival owes much to John Gardner and a most enduring memorial to his efforts is this ongoing annual gathering carrying his name.

With the return of the Gardner Workshop we East Coast small craft folks can again look forward each year to three major gatherings of the faithful, from Cortez in April to Mystic in June to St Michaels in October. With each attracting its own loyal group of supporters helping the museums to host these affairs we will all benefit. Let's make it happen. I urge all of you who care to **BE THERE** in June at Mystic.

## On the Cover...

Chuck Corwin always wanted to paddle on Alice Lake in his home state of Idaho's remote Sawtooth Wilderness Area, accessible only by a long hike into the mountains. He needed a 10lb backpack boat and so he designed and built one and here he is on the cover paddling it on Alice Lake. He tells us in this issue in detail of how he achieved his goal.



Mystic Seaport will hold the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop on June 6 and 7 on the Seaport campus in Mystic, Connecticut. The details of the event will be evolving over time. For the latest news, and to register, go to:

<http://www.mysticseaport.org/smallcraftworkshop>

Here's what we know as of now, March 25, 2009, in no particular order:

Mystic Seaport's Boat House will host the event. People will enter the event through the Boat House. The Boat House boats will be available for participant use free. *Breck Marshall* and *Resolute* will sail from the Middle Wharf.

We'll probably add a number (three, four?) of floats onto those Boat House floats which now go toward the east along the channel edge. Not as sumptuous as in the past, but still OK.

Launching will be through the Shipyard for hand-launched boats and the smaller boats on trailers until 10am and after 5pm, Saturday and Sunday. We are working to eliminate the potential conflicts with boats on trailers crossing the path of visitors boarding the *Morgan* which is now hauled out in the Shipyard hard by the Shipyard's south gate. Participants should be ready to work cooperatively to help each other launch their boats as there will be no fork lifts available or other Seaport paid staff. We do expect to have Museum volunteers on hand to help. Check the website for alternative local launch sites to use between 10am and 5pm Saturday and Sunday.

Check the website for the latest in people and boat registration information. By cutting down on Mystic Seaport staff involvement and eliminating food (and other "frills") we've been able to cut the registration price from \$45 to \$15 for Seaport members (\$7.50 per member child) and from \$50 to \$20 for non-Seaport member (\$10 per non-member

## John Gardner Small Craft Workshop 2009 is On!

By Peter Vermilya

child). Moneys collected will go to offset staff costs and to compensate the Boat House for a weekend's lost income.

We hope to list on the website the boats (with photos?) that have been registered in advance. We will certainly do so post-event. We'd like to include contact information when permitted.

We are working on an agreement with the local campground, Seaport Campgrounds, so that they will give us a group rate and set apart an area of their grounds just for the use of the JGSCW. They've done this before. In the past they have allowed up to four tents to share one "plot." This brings the cost per tent down to around \$10 per night. This isn't free, but it's pretty good in an area where rooms go for a \$100 per night and more. *Conrad* bunks will be available in limited supply on Friday and Sunday nights to those people who sign up in advance. The fee for this hasn't been set yet.

Participants can bring their own food or rely on the Museum's restaurant or other area restaurants. The Museum's food service has definitely improved as of late. Bring your own thermos for the row down the river Sunday morning. There is a Dunkin' Donuts in the middle of town.

To let folks know what's happening, we'll have to rely primarily on word-of-mouth marketing, social networking, viral marketing, call it what you wish. We're in the *WoodenBoat* Calendar (Thanks, Robin

and Tom!), we'll be listed in the *Ash Breeze* (which has very graciously agreed to move up its "on-the-streets" publication date to May 8 (thanks to Mike and Ned!). We're even on Mystic Seaport's calendar. We have no advertising budget. Nada. Bob Hicks has very generously agreed to rerun a 1971 *National Fisherman* article about the 2nd Gardner Workshop in its glory days (see following pages). We plan a blog linked from our own website which should track development of the event, structure, and programs. It would be great to be able to list, in advance, the boats coming, with images. Your ideas here are welcome.

We will have use of the White Boat Shop, the Gray Boatshop, and the *Australia* beach (the one we usually have used) for the weekend. We will have to share the Boat Shed with a wedding which will take place at 6pm Saturday night. The cake arrives by 5pm. We should be out of the shed by 4:30pm. The wedding party has the right to set up all during the day, but I'm told by the catering people that there shouldn't be too much conflict. We haven't used the shed much in the recent past. I'll check on the use of the Youth Training Building for the weekend. Pray for sunshine but bring your foul weather gear.

Programs: What happens during the day? It's up to all of us to put this together. Ben Fuller has already made an offer to do a session on "what goes into boats," a development of something he is doing for *WoodenBoat* magazine. A number of other people have made general offers of help. Races, demonstrations, how-tos come to mind. Your ideas here are more than welcome as this is the element which must come from all of us.

What would make this a "must come to" event for you? Email me, Peter Vermilya, at [peter.vermilya@mysticseaport.org](mailto:peter.vermilya@mysticseaport.org).

### Full 1973 Report on the 2nd Small Craft Workshop on Next Three Pages!

## Small Craft Gather at Mystic June 1985

John Gardner looks over Ron Ginger's Nahant Power Dory from the Second Dory Book.



Take some 70 various small craft from eight to 20-odd feet, for oars, sail, and paddle, upwards of 400 boating enthusiasts from 15 states, and two Canadian provinces, the rarest of rare June days, and an ideal setting. Put these together and you get a memorable weekend.

The second annual Small Craft Workshop held Saturday and Sunday, June 5 and 6, at Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecticut, turned out to be just that. For two days boats were king.

Most of them came over the road. Quite early Saturday morning they started arriving on trailers, in station wagons and trucks, on top off cars. Unloading and launching were speeded up by willing hands. Soon the stretch of river in front of Mystic Seaport's Youth Training Building was swarming with boats and the pier and floats with people.

It was a family affair, the kids, mom, dad, grandma, and granddad, too. No generation gap here. Something about boats brings people together, young and old, white collar and blue collar, the way it ought to be, is supposed to be, used to be, perhaps when living in America was simpler.

Informality was the order of the day, a minimum of organization without being disorganized. One of the highlights Saturday morning developed quite spontaneously, and a real show it turned out to be, stopping conversation with everyone gathered around on the pier and floats as Bart Hawthaway introduced Rick Austin to the Eskimo roll.

Hawthaway, white water kayak champion, Olympic coach, and builder of custom fiberglass kayaks and canoes is like a seal in the water in a kayak (one of his own make preferably). Over he goes on one side to pop up on the other without effort, it seems, even doing it without a paddle, if need be, with his hands alone.

Austin, who incidentally is the spark plug of the Fairfield, Connecticut, Amateur Boat Building Society, was game, kept trying and improving, and almost made the underwater circuit a couple of times before the demonstration ended.

Kayaks figured more prominently this year than last. One of the most unusual was a 15' Alaskan Eskimo sealing kayak brought by William Coperthwaite of Bucks Harbor, Maine.

Extreme light weight was achieved in the 17' airplane Dacron-covered kayak designed and built by Don Rosencrantz of Essex, Connecticut, whose pulling boat, outstanding last year, was rowed this year by Toby Dunn.

Vying also in the lightweight class, but not to be strictly classed as kayaks, were a couple of 18½lb Rushton model pack canoes developed by Hawthaway. Not a kayak, certainly, the lateen-rigged Panamanian log canoe owned by John H. Callamore III of Warwick, Rhode Island, required much the same graceful management.

Saturday morning was further enlivened by a rowing exhibition of an Irish curragh rowed by three oarsmen formerly of Imshmaan, one of the Aran Islands. The 21' curragh with a beam of 4' and rowed with 10' narrow-blade oars, was built at Hartford in 1958 by Pat Connelly and Tony Davoren, the former an Irish curragh champion in 1957. Colm O'Donnell, another oarsman participating, was a member of the Irish champion crew in 1968 and 1969.

The curragh is an extremely ancient craft consisting of an inner latticework frame

## 400 Enjoy 2nd Small Craft Workshop at Mystic

### Sailors Join Rowers For Two-Day Session

By John Gardner, Technical Editor  
Reprinted from *National Fisherman*  
August 1971

All Photos are Official  
Mystic Seaport Photographs

of wooden strips covered with bull hides originally, but more recently with tarred canvas. St Brendan is supposed to have reached the shores of North America in a curragh in the sixth century.

Curraghs are still used in the Aran Islands for fishing and transportation. Specially built curraghs lighter than working boats are raced with crews of three oarsmen, usually over a two- to three-mile course. These craft do best with a good sea running, when three pairs of strong oars will send them skipping over the crests of waves upwards of 3' and 4' high.

The high point of the meet came on Saturday afternoon when Howard I. Chapelle spoke. Now Senior Historian Emeritus at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC, Chapelle has authored a whole shelf of books on maritime subjects and is by far and away the leading authority on American small craft.

For more than ten years he has industriously researched and recorded this country's heritage of native watercraft. The majority of those present had read his *Boatbuilding*, *American Small Sailing Craft*, *Canoes and Skin Boats*, as well as many of his other works. Something close to a quarter of the boats on hand had been built from plans and details for which he was responsible. Not a few present had come expressly to meet and to talk with him.

### Outdoor Session

Because the crowd was too large to gather indoors as last year, and the fine weather

permitting, the meeting as held in the open with Chapelle speaking from the porch of the Youth Training Building.

Sensing the mood of his audience after some preliminary remarks, Chapelle threw the meeting open to questions which came at him from all quarters and on most diverse subjects. Never at a loss, he fielded them all with dispatch, wit, and impressive erudition.

Bright and early Sunday morning close to 30 boats under oar, paddle, and sails set out down the river, the pace leisurely, the route historic, past the town of Noank, around Mason's Island, and back to the Seaport, a distance of some five miles, an eye-opener before breakfast.

Never did morning sparkle brighter. Conversation passed back and forth between the argonauts, not to mention thermos coffee. And not entirely by coincidence, Chapelle occupied the stern bench of a 15' Whitehall rowed by Dick Shew, who built the boat after the lines of the Boston Ship Chandler's Whitehall included by Chapelle in his *American Small Sailing Craft*.

Outstanding amongst the canoes which traversed this course was Atwood Manley's varnished cedar *Vayu*, a Rushton classic from Canton, New York, which slipped along with scarcely a ripple, guided by Manley with Marvin Moore of Pittsburgh wielding a double-blade paddle in the bow.

Of all the boats present, hardly one was not notable in one respect or another. Unfortunately there is not space to mention all. Dorries, particularly those of the round-sided Swampscott sort, were well represented.

### The Boats

The dorries included two 18' double-ended Marblehead gunning dorries, plywood planked on seam battens and fiberglass covered. One was owned by William H. Barker, Westport, Massachusetts, the other by Philip M. Briggs of Boxford, Massachusetts, the latter boat being rigged to sail. There was also an 18' Chamberlain dory with a tombstone transom built by Thomas Sleeper of Marblehead and Paul Frazier's new 21' Beachcomber sailing dory completed this year by Ernest A. Tarr of Riverdale, Massachusetts, from

A rare sight anywhere is this view of rowing and sailing craft off Mystic Seaport. In the foreground is an 18' Chamberlain gunning dory. The four in line above here are, from left, a Cape Dory, Sea Scouts in a surf dory, Aran Islands curragh, and open kayak. Off the curragh's bow and stern respectively are a Steele peapod and a 13' Chamberlain dory skiff. In the rear can be seen Van Dine's gaff topsail sloop, *Chic*.—Photo by Russell A. Fowler







Howard I. Chapelle, dean of American marine historians, speaks from the porch of the Youth Training Building. He fielded questions for some time before an enthralled audience. The three boats in the foreground, from front to back, are an Adirondack guideboat and a wood canoe, both built in New York State about 1900, and the Aran Islands Irish curragh.—Photo by Russell A. Fowler

lines published in the *National Fisherman*. Lastly, there was the 13' Chamberlain dory skiff built in the course of boat building instruction given at Mystic Seaport last winter.

Peapods likewise demonstrated their popularity, with six participating, three of which were built by Jim Steele of Brooklin, Maine.

Neck and neck with the peapods came the Whitehalls and boats showing the Whitehall influence. For the most part these had been built from details found in Chapelle's writings or in the *National Fisherman*. The exceptions were B. Glenn MacNary's 18½' *Punch* designed by Culler and Howland,

and the new 17' Cooper-designed Whitehall owned by Robert S. Gillette of Barre, Vermont. Albert F. Bird brought all the way from Romeo, Michigan, the 13' *Grace B.* which he completed this year after details from Chapelle and the *National Fisherman*.

Two 16' Boston Whitehalls by Shew and Burnham and a 11' Windships Whitehall by Elsaesser and Bagg, all three from Chapelle's lines, complete the list.

This year the inclusion of sail in the program brought a number of notable entries. Outstanding among these was the Sharptown Barge built by R.D. Culler in 1968 for Rich-

ard P. White of West Barnstable, Massachusetts, 23' long, cross-planked cedar bottom and rigged with two spritsails and a balance jib. This skiff was adapted for sail from a type developed on the lower Eastern shore of the Chesapeake for fishing and hunting. She can really "jump," as the builder put it.

Another Culler-built boat was *Little Jer*, the lug-rigged 15-footer owned by Ed Crosby of Osterville, Massachusetts.

Largest of three sailing craft, and one of the oldest present, the handsome Kingston lobsterboat *Solitaire*, belonging to Mike and Betsy Sturges, was designed and built by Edward A. Ransom about 1900. An unusual feature is *Solitaire's* cat-ketch rig, consisting of a gaff mainsail and a sprit mizzen.

Deserving also of mention is Charles H.F. Storow's 18' cat-ketch New Haven Sharpie, Shag, the *Helen L. Ketchum*, a 15' Cape Cod oystering skiff designed by owner Robert A. Pittaway after Chapelle (*American Small Sailing Craft*) and Peter Van Dine's 12'9" *Chic*, a gaff topsail sloop fiberglass reproduction of a boat believed to have been built in upper New York State in 1890.

Other boats in fiberglass included several Cape Dorys with sliding gunter rigs, two Alden Ocean Shells, an adaptation of a Rob Roy canoe built by Burt's Boatyard, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts, a replica of a 100-year-old three-station rowing boat owned by Harrison Sylvester, Westboro, Massachusetts, several kayaks and canoes designed and built by Bart Hawthaway, and Peter Van Dine's two double enders, 12' *Sweetpea* and 16' *Marigold*. Most unusual of the fiberglass boats was the replica of an 18' Northland Freight canoe brought by the owner, Stephen Ward from Ottawa.

The list of boats which were present is long and could continue for pages if there were space. There were Adirondack guide-boats, St Lawrence River skiffs, Rangeley boats, and an old guide's boat from New York's Finger Lakes region representing a type from which it is possible that the Rangeley boat evolved.

Tyler Proctor trucked a 11'6" double-ended flat-bottom skiff completed just barely in time all the way from Bar Harbor, Maine.

Culler-designed skiff shows a pretty turn of line as she ghosts along under her single sail. It is the attraction off such boats as this which has made the workshop almost instantly popular.—Photo by Claire L. White



21' Beachcomber Dory makes a lovely sight as she dances along the Mystic River under a light breeze. She was brought to Mystic by owner Paul W. Frazier of Rockport, Massachusetts.—Photo by Claire L. White



Not to be overlooked is the 20' varnished Thames pulling boat (circa 1880) which Francis T. Plimpton, Jr brought from Providence, Rhode Island. A boat that got a lot of attention, and deservedly, was the 16', 110lb Spanish cedar pulling boat developed last winter by Shew and Burnham, South Bristol, Maine.

The *Allegra* from the Adirondack Museum, built by Myron A. Nickerson about 1900 in Canton, New York, seemed to be part guideboat and part canoe with its high pointed ends. George B. Kelly's 15' double-paddle canoe, the *L. Francis*, obviously was named for the designer, L. Francis Herreshoff, who published the plans in *Rudder* more than 30 years ago.

Smallest boat was Nathan Leonard's *Mahokus II*, a 7' Creep Mouse Cove punt built by Leonard from an article in *Skipper* magazine in 1967 by Roger C. Taylor. Another Herreshoff double-paddle canoe was William B. Marks' *Dancer* from Northport, New York. Completely rebuilt and refinished, Joseph Niel Spillane's 9'7½" lapstrake and cedar dinghy is reputed to have been built by Abeking & Rasmussen as a yacht tender.

Another R.D. Culler boat, the 13'6" skiff owned by Michael D. Sturges, Jr and celebrated in Culler and Howland's *A Good Little Skiff* also added color to the unusual weekend.



Nathan Leonard sails his tiny 7' Creep Mouse Cove punt, *Mahokus II*.—Photo by Russell A. Fowler



Sail and oars vie for attention during a busy waterfront session of the Small Craft Workshop. About 70 boats and 400 persons took part in the second annual event.—Photo by Russell A. Fowler


Wet lesson in the Eskimo roll is given Rich Austin, left, by Bart Hauthaway, a top US kayak expert and designer-builder of the popular little boats.—Photo by Claire L. White



Panamanian log canoe under lateen rig was brought to the workshop by John H. Collamore III of Warwick, Rhode Island. Bart Hauthaway looks on from one of his fiberglass kayaks.—Photo by Russell A. Fowler

Maine peapod joins the Sunday morning procession down the river with Brooklin (Maine) builder Jim Steele and his family aboard.—Photo by Sharon S. Fowler





**Rick Carrion,**  
President

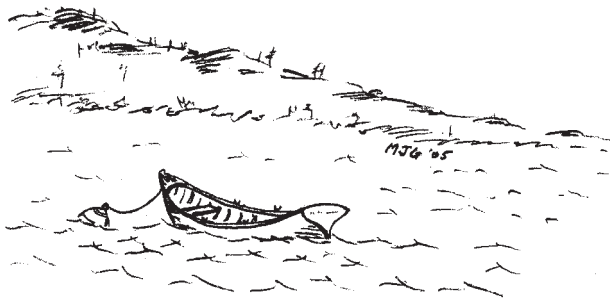
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## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Finally took *MoonWind* out for a sail today. Motoring up the Mystic River a month ago scarcely qualifies. So little breeze blew that we powered away from our mooring and I hadn't even hanked on the jib. By the time I had both sails on her we had halved the distance to Flat Hammock and found the diminutive wind. The tide ran out, toward the east. The breeze blew from the south at perhaps six knots. Hardly exciting but enough to keep full and by. The tide contributed its two cents worth, keeping us under way at a couple of knots.

I expected more water traffic this holiday weekend but a majority of the boats never left their berths. I suppose that everyone assumed it not worth venturing out with the waters so crowded, so nobody did and consequently they weren't. The Sound had no more traffic than any other summer weekend. Yet most of the population came to stay aboard their boats, making parking at our marina problematic. As always at this time of year, more than ten percent of the fleet still stood ashore on jack stands. A few concerned sailors busily painted their bottoms.

We went as far as Latimer's Reef, then turned to fight the tide. Fortunately the wind persevered and we made nearly two knots returning. For a couple of hours we enjoyed the delicious breeze. Then it suddenly ceased, without any warning. We found ourselves off North Dump-ling with drooping sails. About four o'clock every boat in Fishers Island Sound became becalmed. Mainsails came down, jibs were furled, and motors purred as sailors headed for harbors and drinks and dinners.

Coming across the sound toward Noank my two-stroke motor sputtered and sneezed and gasped. So do I whenever I inhale gasoline. I gave it what encouragement I could, gentled it the two miles home, and headed for my mooring. The tide by now had ebbed as much as it needed.

Suddenly, at the edge of the mooring field, our boat went bump as we passed over the only rock in the vicinity. I'd been told about this rock but never seen it, until about 4:30 this afternoon. Fortunately we draw but four feet of water. Unfortunately this rock projected within 3'11" of the surface. Why the authorities haven't flagged it surprises me, though it appears on every chart. Someone told me that during a perigee low tide the sea breaks over this rock. On that same day you can wade to the Bahamas.

The rubberized tug of one of the towing services moors not 200 yards away, waiting to aid any mariner in distress. Had the tide been out another couple of inches I might have gone aground but a few hundred feet from where my Whitehall dinghy swung on my mooring. Some folks would have kedged off the rock by buoying up an anchor with life jackets and swimming it from their boat. For such a gala occasion, should it occur, I carry tow insurance.

Having a depth finder doesn't resolve the problem. Isolated rocks won't show up on your screen until you bounce across them. In shoal water, you need to exercise caution.

Those who live shallow lives often drift aground. Those who navigate the depths, whether of joy or sorrow, of intellect or spirituality, run the risk of encountering tumultuous storms. They also have the noblest lives and feel the grandest passions. Those who stay the middle course, who keep their noses pressed to their depth finders, never see the sunset and go aground as often as anyone else. Read your chart and keep your weather eye open.

Last week I affixed a float with a whip to the end of one of the two pendants on my mooring. I found myself with the new float in my fist and the mooring buoy caught beneath my keel. Not a major calamity, though, and readily resolved. Scarcely as calamitous as having one's sunny enthusiasm pinched in the crack of dawn.

## THE 18<sup>th</sup> ANNUAL WoodenBoat Show



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**JUNE 26-28, 2009**  
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**TICKETS: 800-273-7447 or visit**  
**[www.thewoodenboatshow.com](http://www.thewoodenboatshow.com)**

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Festivals on the Hudson

As part of the quadricentennial celebrations in New York commemorating the 1609 passage of Henry Hudson up the river now named for him, a small fleet of sailing vessels will travel up the Hudson, making ports of call along the way for the Hudson, Fulton, Champlain Festival. On June 10 the historic replica, *Half Moon* and the now famous *Clearwater*, among others, will sail into Kingston, New York. A small armada of traditional watercraft is being assembled locally, planning to sail out to meet the arrival of the *Clearwater* and *Half Moon* and welcome them to Kingston. This will include the recently completed historic replica of an 18th century Pettiauger, a common Hudson River sailing vessel of the time.



The ships will dock at the Hudson River Maritime Museum in Kingston at 6pm on June 10. At 8pm, along with ongoing festivities, there will be a concert featuring the well-known and beloved folksingers Jay Ungar and Molly Mason. The *Clearwater* and *Half Moon* will cast off the next morning on June 11 and sail for their next destination.

An entertaining and delightful new development for Kingston's waterfront is the resumption of a ferry service on the river. The company operating the large Rip Van Winkle Hudson River Tourboat has acquired a traditional 45' wooden boat named *Lark* to serve as transportation for their new company called Hudson River Water Taxi. It is a 47-passenger boat, built in the style of a traditional oyster boat. *Lark* will carry passengers to the Kingston Point lighthouse, across the river to Rhinecliff, and is available for charter to other nearby destinations for special occasions. Hudson River Cruises can be reached at (845) 340-4700 or hudsonrivercruises@hvc.rr.com

David Wiebe, Woodstock, NY



## Adventures & Experiences...

### About Those Katabatic Winds

I was interested to read in the March issue about Gail Ferris' northern experiences with strong katabatic winds and the fact that the surface of the water/ocean is almost flat calm during those winds. Last summer I paddled up the western shore of Newfoundland from Port au Port to the most northern tip at L'Anse aux Meadows and experienced the "blow-me-down-winds" in the Bay of Islands just south of Gros Morne National Park. I had just set up my tent when out of the blue gusty 40kt winds (or more) hit my tent, ripping out the tent pegs of my rain fly and rocking my boat. I had to weigh down all corners of my tent with big rocks, as well as my boat.

To my utter surprise there were no wind waves on the large bay to give away the violent winds. As she indicated for the regions she paddled in, the winds come off the tall surrounding mountains and slam down from above in big gusts. I was very glad I was on shore and not crossing the big Bay of Islands (which I did the next morning when all went fine). It is nice to know someone else has an almost identical experience in very strong winds, but no waves.

Reinhard Zollitsch, Orono, ME

### Some Hope for the Future

I am enclosing a note that I thought might be of interest to readers. It gives me some hope for the future:

"Dear Mr Matthews,

I have admired your boat at the end of 26th street for years. I was going to build a boat just like it. I was wondering if you are willing to sell it for a reasonable price. I am inquiring if it is for sale. It is the boat on the trailer with the small cabin.

I used to live on 25th St West with my parents.

Alexander (age 9)"

## Information of Interest...

### About That Hartford Courant Writer

If it is any comfort to Conbert Benneck ("Opinions...", March issue) most of the writers at the *Hartford Courant* have been laid off so they have written their last frivolous boating articles. He will probably still be sailing long after the *Courant* has ceased publishing.

Rude and dangerous boaters are another story, however, chances are they will always be with us.

Boyd Mefferd, Avon, CT

### Glen-L's Trailer Book

I greatly enjoyed the nice articles you published on Glen-L Marine, but I noted one omission that all the fellow messers about should be aware of. Glen-L Marine publishes (published) a treasure-trove of excellent information in a book about trailers: types of trailers; how to build one; how to modify one; axles, brakes, lighting, and wiring; state requirements (regulations) for trailers; boat

support methods, and much more. Anyone who is contemplating trailering a boat will find this a superb source of answers to all their questions.

I found the book in a bookstore in Clearwater, Florida, after we had bought a Bolger Micro in Michigan and trailered it to Florida. The Micro was on what I later presumed to be a mobile home trailer chassis. This trailer alone weighed twice as much as the Micro did. My first problem was to figure out how to support the Micro properly. The Micro keel sat in a straight piece of "U" channel, and since it has a long curved keel it would rock forwards and backwards as the car started moving forward or when I applied the brakes.

We solved some of these problems parked at the side of I-75 heading south. Truck tire tread remnants became wedges under the fore and aft sides of the keel in the channel to stop the rocking. Coat hanger wire (from our overnight motel stops) served to fasten the wedges in place. Never go anywhere without having a comprehensive and well-equipped tool box in your car.

When we got home to Connecticut with this oversized rig my first order of business was to find a proper size trailer. I found one, and then with the help and advice from Glen-L's Trailer Book, I was able to totally rebuild the new trailer, make proper bunks to support the hull, and add keel guides for easy retrieval of the Micro.

It's an absolute "must-have" for anyone who wants to know how to adjust the load on his trailer, how to move trailer axles to achieve better balance and tongue weight, etc. For me it was a Trailer Bible and I just want to let others know that it is a wonderful and data-filled book that will solve any trailer problems that you might have.

Conbert H. Benneck, Glastonbury, CT



### Another Year with NEBCBA

After three years of somewhat informal regattas to determine the "New England Champion" in Beetle Cats, the New England Beetle Cat Boat Association (NEBCBA) was formed at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1940 for the purpose of providing an annual junior championship for Beetle Cat Boats. Over the years NEBCBA initiated several other championships for both juniors and adults. Today NEBCBA still sponsors championships under the umbrella of the "Leo J. Telesmanick Championship" in honor of Leo J. Telesmanick (1915-2001) who built the Beetle Cat for over 50 years.

While we have our beloved Beetles nestled in storage, we can begin thinking about this coming season of racing and sailing of our Beetle Cat Boats. Last year at the Leo Telesmanick Regatta, sponsored by the Weekapaug Yacht Club, there were 28 Beetle Cats on the line for a wonderful weekend of racing. NEBCBA continues its traditional commitment to supporting racing. Local fleets have many active races throughout the season, which are capped off at the "Leo" with skippers and crews of all ages participating resulting in a weekend of racing, friendly competition, good food, and socializing.



This year we hope to see you at the Chatham Yacht Club in Chatham, Massachusetts, for the Telesmanick on August 8 and 9.

NEBCBA is also dedicated to the maintenance, restoration, cruising, and promotion of the Beetle Cat. Your support is essential to continue our commitment to the support and preservation of the Beetle Cat.

William L. "Bill" Womack and I have had a very successful year at Beetle Inc. We continue to build and launch new Beetles, with ten launched in 2008. Beetle Inc provides storage, maintenance, and service for over 120 Beetles and parts for all others who maintain their own boats. Bill Womack brings a commitment and enthusiasm to continue the traditions associated with Beetle Cats and to strengthen them. We wish him all the success in his new endeavors to continue the tradition of the Beetle Cats.

Charlie York, Beetle Cat Boats, Wareham, MA

### More on Old Iceboats

After reading your iceboating reprint from *The Rudder* (which was written by H. Percy Ashley) a couple of issues ago, I tried to find a source of old *Rudders* online but was unsuccessful. There's a museum in Kingston, Canada, that seems to have a pretty complete collection, but not digitized yet. I made copies of your reprint and handed them out to some of the boys in the club.

The boats for sale in *The Rudder* ad you sent to me were designed by Ashley. He lived on Orange Lake in the next county south of us, where one of our members lives, so we sail there fairly often.

Pictured is another boat designed by Ashley (built by the NY Yacht & Engine Co, 1912, for the Wrigley (gum) family). The photo is from last year being set up on Orange Lake. One of our new members had just bought it and brought it back from Wisconsin (where the Wrigley estate was). She had last sailed about 30 years ago. Ashley called it the Party Boat and, as you can see, it has a huge cockpit.

Dock Shuter, Glasco, NY



## Opinions...

### 8-Footers a Great Idea

I just read Jim Thayer's article regarding 8-footers and the possibility of a new "development class with box rule" (whatever that is). I think he's on to something and I think it could grow into something interesting. There

is something special about building and sailing the little 8' boats. Anyone can do it. I'm living proof.

The 8-footers of any design definitely would be a fun event for kids or adults or both. St Michael's MASCF would be a good venue for it. Imagine a dozen or more of the little vessels on a course in the cove, all trying to be first around a mark. And within shouting distance from shore where one could hear the encouraging cheers and jeers of the spectators and racers.

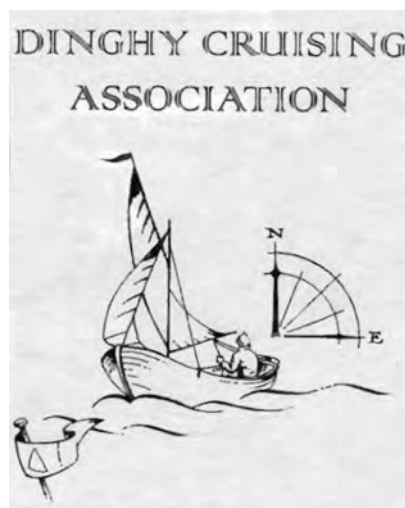
I can see this as being great fun and a promising future to grow and develop into something big for the MASCF and other similar events, too.

Jim Thayer's Punkin Eater is quite an impressive looking design, arguably one of the best of its size. Best I've seen so far. But he does make the mistake of describing Punkin Eater's speed and how he overtook several larger boats before realizing he was going in the wrong direction. Punkin Eater will surely need to be handicapped properly before the race. OOPS! Now I sound like I've been reading racing stuff.

I have a couple of 8-footers sitting around that I would like to take to St Michaels for such an event. I would like to find a way to get *Dreamcatcher* there, too. Possibly with a little 8-footer lashed to her deck.

Finally, I would like to provide the trophies to the winners. Handmade, of course, as Jim describes. I will also provide the bottle of spirits as well. As for the scrapple, I guess that's for last place? Anyway, if it ever does come to fruition, Naomi and I would like to help out in any way we can. I think the best way to ensure the future of small boating and building is to get kids involved in all aspects of it. Kids of all ages. This 8' regatta looks like it would fill the bill and benefit the MASCF, too. Jim Thayer's idea is a very good one. I think I'll mention it to the organizers of the MASCF if he hasn't already done so by now. All that is needed is participants for it, I would guess. Seems easy enough. Happy sails!

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY



### Some Odd Things About the DCA

In the early days of our Dinghy Cruising Association it seems that most of our members were young. (One wrote of "hanging up his rowlocks now he was 40!") Now few of us will see 40 again. Why has the DCA aged so much? Are we Old Harries (and Harriets) putting younger and more adventurous people off?

Despite the DCA's proudly fostered Old Harry image, the proportion of members with higher degrees or professional equivalents seems to be remarkably high. Although, quite rightly, those with practical skills are the most respected.

Our bulletin cover shows a gaff-rigged shallow recklessly hurtling along at the point of gybe with a Captain Calamity apparently asleep at the helm. Yet (with perhaps one exception) I have never known any Captain Calamities in the DCA. The majority of members limit themselves to sedate little cruises in light to moderate winds and the more intrepid members are all highly competent. Furthermore, in complete contrast to the recklessness portrayed on the cover, every bulletin since 1995 has concluded with a page of rigorous and Politically Correct Boat Safety Recommendations. I suspect that few if any of us comply 100% and that most fail on Item 3!

One former DCA National Secretary claimed that he could launch his yawl and sail away in 15 minutes. Another former Nat Sec admits to taking three hours for his sloop. There are other similar claims/admissions at both extremes of this time scale.


It is commonly stated that, "DCA members do not race!" Yet many of our more active members do, some owning racing dinghies as well as cruising boats. (I recently crewed in a race for the first time in some 40 years. I found it "educational" and very chastening!) How else does one develop heavy-weather skills?

When an extremely modest £5 pa charge was introduced for lovely Windermere, northern members made outraged complaints in the bulletin and at the AGM. Meanwhile a charge of £18 pa has been levied for the privilege of using the last quarter mile of the Hamble River without southern members even commenting (or paying, unless caught)!

We have something like 300 different classes of boat in the DCA, and even within most of the classes there are radical modifications or varieties of rig, etc. Nearly every owner is convinced that her/his choice is best and most try to persuade the rest of us to follow suit, and are really puzzled that we don't.

Light modern dinghies are frequently condemned as "death-traps" and even Wayfarers come in for much criticism. Yet when it blows hard it is the "deathtraps" and Wayfarers that go out, while most of the "proper seaworthy cruising boats" stay ashore!

Len Wingfield, UK



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I purchased *The Spirit of Sailing* as a Christmas present for myself in 2006. It was just a year after my wife and I moved from the coast of North Carolina to the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. Sitting in my rocking chair that winter, in front of the woodstove, with hemlock and red oak burning brightly, I turned the pages, slowly, tenderly, as if it were an ancient text. On each page there was a photo of a classic wooden sailboat and a beckoning quote. I've included some of the quotes that drew me back to the water in the middle of winter with the west wind blasting through the pines.

I threw a couple more logs into the wood stove, sat back down in my rocker, and turned another page. Small boats, fast sleek sloops, lines and sails, all in black and white. I could feel the pull of the tides and the visual images of wooden boats I had owned, especially the old 20' racing Flying Dutchman sailboat that just strained at the mainsail when a gust would sweep by.

*"A sailor is an artist whose medium is the wind."—Webb Chile*

I'm a lucky guy. I still have passion in my life. One is going into my studio/gallery and throwing pots, trimming them, then wood firing them in my little kiln next to our cabin. Another is writing about pottery, water, and boats. Maybe my passion for sailing could be the metaphor of my life.

There are no lakes in my county and the coast is a six-hour drive away. When I'm iced or snowed in, I go the bookcase and pull out *The Spirit of Sailing*, ready for a photo of a classic wooden boat or a quote that transports me back to the sea.

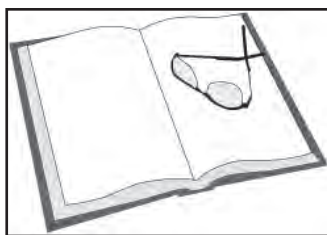
*"Ships are the nearest things to dreams that hands have made."—Robert N. Rose*

Twenty-five years ago I went on a sabbatical to the North Carolina Mariners' Museum in Beaufort. I needed a change of pace and I wanted to learn how to repair my old wooden sailboat, a 19' Lightning. Jeffrey, the master boat builder, looked her over and said, "Mate, she's too far gone to repair. Stay here for the summer and I'll teach you how to build a real sailing vessel." Jeffrey, a Brit, had apprenticed himself in England for seven years before he took the job in Beaufort.

Four of us showed up as students that summer at a converted aluminum airplane hanger across the street from Turner Creek where a number of old hand-built Harkers Island skiffs bobbed at anchor.

Hot! Oh boy, was it was hot that summer! Jeffrey taught us to build two small sailing dinghies with hand tools. I remember the sweat, the scent of sawdust, learning and re-learning how to sharpen my chisel, and finally at lunchtime walking out the dock to catch a breeze. On Saturdays I'd take my eight-year-old daughter out on the creek in a Sunfish and teach her how to sail, figuring out both the winds and tides. On Sunday mornings I'd get up early and ride my bike with my fishing pole over the bridge to throw a line into the Atlantic. Standing there, with the pole resting on my hip bone, I was one with the swells.

*"A man must be obsessed by something, I suppose. A boat is as good as anything, perhaps a bit better than most. A small sailing craft is not only beautiful, it is seductive and full of strange promise and the hint of trouble."—E.B. White*



## Book Review

### *The Spirit of Sailing: A Celebration of Sea and Sail*

By Michael Kahn  
Courage Books  
Philadelphia, PA – 2004

### Reflections on *The Spirit of Sailing*

By McCabe Coolidge

I grew up in the 1950s surrounded by wooden boats on Higgins Lake, a deep water lake in northern Michigan. Over the course of 15 years we owned one Dunphy and two Centurys, one inboard, one outboard. Neighbors owned Chris Crafts, Hacker Crafts, and Lymans.

Every Memorial Day, in went the docks, the boat lifts, and then the boats. The engines were choked followed by several pulls on the rope and wham, those Johnsons, Evenrudes, and Mercurys started up and streaked down the lake. In the midst of all this activity a lone man stood along the shore, a pipe in one hand and a paintbrush in the other, his boat turned upside down at the edge of the lake. It was a Lightning and the man's name was Alex Carlin. He had three sons. They did not own a motorboat. He taught his kids, one by one, how to sail that Lightning. On Sundays one of the boys would be at the tiller while Alex took care of the main and the jib and sailed across the lake to Higgins Lake Regatta and won every race.

As an eight-year-old I'd walk down and watch him. He scraped, he sanded, he painted, then sanding lightly, and then carefully laid on another coat. He didn't seem to notice me. The pipe in his mouth, his hands working stem to bow along the wonderful lines of that boat. I stared, in a trance. Later I learned that during the winter season he was a hired captain in sailboat races around Antigua, Cuba, and Key West.

Michael Kahn, the author and photographer of *The Spirit of Sailing*, grew up along the coast of North Carolina at Topsail Beach. When he was a kid his first boat was a yellow Sunfish named *Lemon Drop*. He was brave enough to sail out Topsail Inlet into the Atlantic. The next year he was given a camera for a trip to a northern Ontario lake where he spotted his first wooden sailboat. And he was hooked!

My dad took his vacation the first two weeks of August. When I was 12 he said, "Son, let's go over to the marina, there is something I want to show you."

We jumped into his Mercury station wagon, our English Setter in the far back, and set off. We wound down a dirt road past a number of tin-roofed buildings and stopped in front of what appeared to be someone's large white garage. We parked the car and walked up to the garage while the dog headed into the woods, hot on the trail of something, probably a chipmunk. My dad pushed the sliding door, on trolleys, sideways which allowed the sunlight to glance in.

"I want you to look at this," he motioned to me, pointing at a flat red and white small sailboat. "This is a Sailfish, do you like it?"

I nodded slightly, wondering what he was getting at.

"Look," he pointed over in the corner. "There's the mast and the sail. Just right for a boy, don't you think?"

I nod again.

"I've watched you go down to Alex Carlin's. Maybe this boat would be a good way for you to begin sailing." He stepped back.

I knelt down, felt the flat plywood, gazed at the varnished centerboard and tiller.

"You mean this is mine? You're buying it for me?"

"You bet, let's see if we can push it into the back of the station wagon. Give me a hand."

Like Michael Kahn, I was hooked. I taught myself how to sail. And over the years I fiber-glassed the bottom of that Sailfish just to have one more summer to sail her. My dad gave her away the year I graduated from college.

*"Those who live by the sea can hardly form a single thought of which the sea would not be part."—Herman Broch*

In the spring of 2007 I did what I had vowed never to do again. I bought another wooden sailboat. I blame this on Michael Kahn and *The Spirit of Sailing*. This time it was a 13' Herreschoff/White Catspaw Dinghy built by a master boat builder living near Topsail Beach. This classic sailboat was even in the movie *The Road to Wellville*! I love this oak on white cedar skiff. When the wind is right, I'll sniff the breeze, jump in my truck, and drive the six hours to the ocean, launch her, then row her out into the sound and put up the spritsail and take off. Ah, a southwesterly off the ocean, saltwater, sprightly filled white sail, and the Catspaw heading off for Sugarloaf Island.

*"Twenty years from now, you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover."—Mark Twain*

While living on a sailboat in San Francisco Bay, on a lark I signed up for two weeks of ocean sailing certification around the islands of Tahiti. Although the sailing was challenging in San Francisco Bay and out past the Golden Gate, I was always cold. Tahiti! I thought of snorkeling, beaches, south sea islands, and warm tradewinds. I had also marveled at some of Van Gogh's painting. I was ready! Winter and early spring on San Francisco Bay is no fun.

Oh, the wind, oh, those deep, deep blue blue waters, oh, the snorkeling and those dark green sentinels of islands. Those protected anchorages inside the coral reefs. The spearing of fish, eating on the deck, gazing at the Tahitians. But too soon we flew back



to San Francisco and too soon my wife and I moved "back East."

*"For all at last return to the sea, to ocean, the river, the lake... the beginning and the end."*—Rachel Carson

It's mid-April 2008 now and we have taken the plastic off the windows, opened the doors, and done some spring cleaning. I've recently discovered Claytor Lake, two counties over, a dammed-up 13-mile portion of the New River, a river so old that it twists and turns north and then west cutting through the Appalachians and the Alleghenies all the way to the Mississippi.

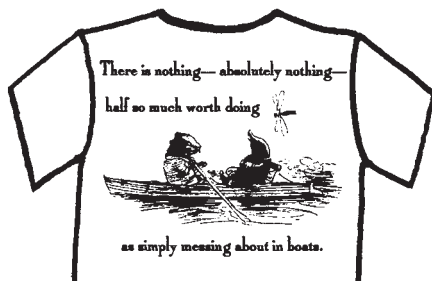
I'm picturing me on Claytor Lake, sailing my glossy white Catspaw, the varnish on the inside shining with the sun. Soon I'll be breaking the binds of a cold, wet spring. I don't care if the water temperature is 50°. All those Memorial Days on that deep northern Michigan lake when the ice had been off less than a month and I went in the water to sail that Sailfish, with a life preserver on, if my dad was around.

So, if I take off now my wife Karen won't miss me for an hour or two. By then I'd be there, rowing out the cove into the main body of the lake, setting the oars aside, putting up the boom on the bow, and then rigging the spritsail!

Alex Kahn would say, "yes," Alex Carlin would nod his head, take the pipe out of his mouth and watch me, that slight grin on his face. I'd be home before dark. It's only an hour's drive.

*"To me, nothing is more beautiful than a sailboat underway in fine weather and to be on that sailboat is to be as close to heaven as I expect to get. It is unalloyed happiness."*—Robert Rose

I've just turned 65. The fever of sailing has not subsided. What theology I have about eternity can be summed up in a few phrases, a few images. A wooden boat slicing through the waves, me leaning out, tacking into the wind, maybe toward the further shore but maybe the water is the ocean, the horizon limitless.



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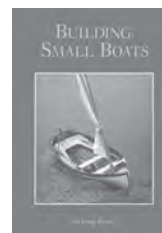
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Twenty-five, twenty-six years ago Urbanna Creek was a lot different. Heck, a great many things were different 25 years ago. For one thing, we all were better looking and a lot younger. Many of us had more muscles, if less sense, and were more willing to hop in a boat and row in a race when a bottle of rum and the Cuban Bandera was the prize, even if the boats were an aluminum skiff owned by Phil Friday and maybe something Jim Thayer had built but not yet finished. Thayer told me the story so long ago the details have gotten lost. But they agreed to meet the next year and race again for the trophy. And thus the Urbanna Meet, sponsored by the Urbanna Creek Rum and Rowing Appreciation Association, was born.

Over the years the race for the Cuban Bandera was hotly contested. The Bandera itself was an unlikely prize, donated by Al Watkins from his days on a freighter. He had mistakenly entered Cuban waters without a flag, painted this one hurriedly on a piece of canvas as the gunboat was approaching, and had some explaining to do when he accidentally raised it upside down on the flagstaff. Greg McCandless quit racing when he beat Thayer by a nose but at the cost of a muscle spasm in his back, even though Thayer was the old man of the crowd then. But Thayer, with his usual skill at seeing a marketing opportunity, started inviting his customers to row the boats he had built and show them off for any onlookers. He wrote it up, with his inimitable style, for *Messing About in Boats* and his own publication, the *Tholepin*. He even got Larry Chowning, the local newspaper reporter, to show up and take pictures of his Whitehalls and Pickles. And he got the folks to come.

Dan Muir and Dusty Rhoades, young Navy guys, came with their ladies to row for the Cuban Bandera, along with the Overbys from way inland near Chatham. John and I started coming the second or third year. John had built his first boat, a heavy cedar and oak lapstrake Whitehall that he'd built from John Gardner's designs in *National Fisherman*. He wasn't winning too many races and, when he wasn't bailing, he was thinking about what he could build that was a little faster. Dusty was winning a lot, but then so was Dan. The Wooden Bull was brought in as a trophy for the Pickle Grand National Championships and we had sailing races as well. The ladies had started racing and Robin Muir made a nice needlepoint trophy stating, "A Lady's Place is First." That was the year Marilyn came. She had one of Jim Thayer's Whitehalls, nicely fitted out, and was wearing nylons and a white blouse and a light blue A-line skirt. The guys helped her into the boat so she wouldn't get her dressy shoes wet and the girls snickered at her lady-like demeanor. We didn't laugh when she rowed our socks off without breaking a sweat on her perfectly formed brow. She picked up the trophy with the dignity of a lady and that was the last we saw of that.

We rowed and raced on Urbanna Creek for ten years and by that time we had added some children's races since the little ones had grown big enough to emulate their el-

## A Short History of the Urbanna Meet

By Vera England

(This article was written in 2005.  
The 29<sup>th</sup> Urbanna Small Craft Meet will be held on May 16 and 17, 2009, at Freeport Landing in Gloucester County, Virginia. Primitive camping will be available.)

ders. Their prizes grew from coupons for ice cream to more permanent trophies like T-shirts when they grew old enough to notice. The crowd grew, people brought their boats from all over the state and even from out of state. The Urbanna Meet was quite an event. But the little harbor was changing. Restaurants were built and changed hands, marinas and docks were constructed and filled. Urbanna Creek was no longer appropriate for the Urbanna Meet. The kids weren't just running into each other, they were rowing right into strangers. We needed a new home.

For the next 14 years the Urbanna Meet settled in at the Christchurch School waterfront. This worked well as overnight camping moved from our yard to the frog-chorused fringes of the marshes that border the Rappahannock River. Every year, on the third Saturday in May, a caravan of small craft disciples lugging boat trailers escaped from their northern or eastern cities to enjoy the broad shallow river, the tall oak trees, and the pleasant breezes. The Christchurch boys would sometimes join our races in their Lasers, attracted not only by the growing number of interesting small craft but also by the fact that several of their opponents were teenage girls in their own fast boats. Most years we were blessed with balmy weather but sometimes, when gales blew from the northeast, the crew of stalwarts who came would send Jim Thayer down to the end of the dock with his anemometer, watch him proclaim the wind speed to be in excess of 40mph, and vote to move the whole shebang to the shelter of our yard again.

Time passed. Quickly. The kids who had raced for ice cream cones went to college. The young Navy guys retired and moved to shores far from Chesapeake Bay. The babies born in between had boats their fathers built named after them, then went on to build their own boats or to row in races much more competitive. A variety of boats were sailed, rowed, and paddled: John England's Delaware River Tuckup and his little Butternut canoes; David Scarborough's *Vireo*; Dusty Rhoades' *Laughing Gull*; and Dan Muir's *Pickle Annie*. Mary Slaughter amazed folks with her "paper boat" *Chile Pepper*. Jim Thayer and Bob Booth, our elder statesmen, brought a fleet of Wee Punkins. Richard Cullison brought the sweet *Piccolo* and then *Casper*, his Bolger boat that ghosted over calm waters and flew when the wind was up, only to be out-raced by his daughter Sarah's catamaran *Insanity*. Alice Wilson brought a boat one year which, after drying out all winter, promptly sank and didn't swell up until after the races. Some of the early attendees, such as Simon Fletcher with his fast little mahogany runabouts, had long since moved west.

One year Jim Thayer decided to move his whole operation out west to Colorado and left the organization of the Urbanna Meet to the East Coast folks. That may have been the year that Bob Booth, about 90 at the time,

had to roll his tippy little car-topper over on its side so he could get out of it and decided that bigger boats were more appropriate for the future. The ladies of the Urbanna Meet weren't as enthusiastic about the racing (still grumbling about Marilyn) but sat on the shore preparing the crafts for the next St Michaels event. Heck, even the men weren't enthusiastic about the racing. Dusty, who had egged us on with such humor, joined the ranks of sailors who had crossed the bar. It took some cold blustery weather and the promise of renewing the rum as part of the trophy to convince them to put oar to leather. But whatever the weather, the event was held with the hope that even if Saturday was cold and soaking, Sunday would give us a glimpse of sun and a chance to begin the boating season. Hopes weren't always fulfilled, and we were grateful when Christchurch School happened to have Bob Zentz singing sea shanties one year so we could all congregate in a warm auditorium and still feel "nautical."

But the winds of Hurricane Isabel brought changes and ongoing repairs to the Christchurch waterfront. We took stock of other changes as well. The weather gods had not been kind for a while and pictures revealed scenes of would-be sailors huddled under tents with tarps blocking the wind. The picnic tables, purchased with donations to the waterfront in memory of Dusty Rhoades, were wearing out and we even heard the demise of one of them when some midnight visitors were surprised by Dan Muir walking to the head late one night. The visitors' swift exit included throwing their car into reverse and trying to back through one of the newer tables. The hurricane worked on the rest. Urbanna's harbor was no better, still under repair from Isabel. The stalwart co-organizers were scattering. The Cullisons were about to join the fleet of boat builders heading west. There was no choice but to take a sabbatical on the year which would have been the 25<sup>th</sup> Urbanna Meet. A month or two later a small group gathered, rowed on the Pamunkey River, and camped in our somewhat soggy yard. There it was resolved, an alternate site would be found to continue the tradition.

Thanks to some good scouting and determined nagging from diehard Urbanna Meet aficionado John Erickson, the Official 25<sup>th</sup> Urbanna Small Boat Meet will be held this year at Freeport, in Gloucester County, on the shores of the Piankatank River. It will be held May 21-22, 2005, as Jim Thayer's custom decrees. (He once asked Janis if he could skip a child's graduation so he could keep the date, she declined his request and he skipped the Urbanna Meet). Future sites may include the new Deltaville Maritime Museum, which would love to host us if they can work out logistical difficulties, or perhaps someday Urbanna Creek itself. So bring your small craft of any sort, your family, and a covered dish for Saturday's traditional barbeque (bring your own meat, too). We will toast the memory of Bob Booth who died this past January at age 97 and who was the epitome of what the Urbanna Meet is all about. A boat builder by hobby, a sailor for fun, a friend for fair weather and foul, Bob was always ready to handle whatever the winds brought him. Perhaps we'll toast him when we bestow the Cuban Bandera on some lucky winner who must then share his bottle of rum.

For more information on attending, contact Vera or John England at (804) 758-2721 or at mamaSengland@hotmail.com

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## Dateline: Village of Bellport, New York, January 15, 2009

By Brian Salzano

It's been an unusually cold winter here on Long Island, cold enough for the Great South Bay to freeze up quite solid. Bellport Bay (the furthest eastern expanse of the bay) was frozen clear across to Fire Island. And when she freezes up, the Great South Bay Scooter Club breaks out the Scooters for some ice sailing.

The Scooters are fascinating boats. Take a double-ended sharpie, fatten it up at the beams, squash it down to about 3" or 4" of freeboard, reverse the sheer at the bow and the stern, stiffen it up so that it can take a good pounding against solid surfaces, add a massively constructed bow-sprit, bolt some blades to the bottom, and you'll get a reasonable notion of the Scooter. The history is a bit sketchy and a complete narrative (as complete as you'll get anyway) can be found at the club's website at <http://ice-scooter.org>. But briefly, it seems the boat evolved sometime around the cusp of the 19th and 20th century to permit the baymen to extend their hunting and aquaculture business into the winter months. Back in the early 1900s the Great South Bay was an extraordinarily productive body of water and the birding on Fire Island unparalleled (of course, as with most of the estuaries in the north east US, that's no longer the case). It's a 2½-mile sail across the bay to the flats and Fire Island. Being very close to an ocean inlet, it is not uncommon for the bay to remain only partially frozen so pure ice-boats in the manner of DNs or Hudson River style craft were not up to the task. From this, the Scooter evolved as a vessel that could take its crew across the ice, into the

water, and back up onto the ice again without the crew needing to get their feet wet.

Now, I have not seen it with my own eyes, but word has it that a skilled crew can take a Scooter at speed right off the ice, into the water, keep her on a high speed plane, and then ride back up onto the floe at the opposite end in a spray of water and ice. I was hobnobbing with the commodore of the Bellport Yacht Club, the venerable Glen Fuji, who informed me that it is indeed true, although "... they are getting a little too old for that sort of stuff." I presume he was referring to the boats, many of which are bona fide antiques. You may see in some of the photos how the bowsprit is faired into the keel, either through the carpentry or with a heavy metal tang of sorts, presenting a clean run to the edge of the ice. There must be one hell of a thunk as the runners ride up onto the ice, though. There is one watercolor [by the looks of it] on the club's website which illustrates a boat in the middle of such a feat. There are also photos of crews making their way across expanses of water under less dramatic circumstances, and at something less than full speed.

One interesting aspect of the Scooter is that it has no rudder as it would interfere with navigation from ice to water and visa versa. It is steered entirely by sail. To turn her upwind, haul in the main and ease the jib. Downwind, ease the main and haul the jib. This, I presume, would explain the long, low jib extending far forward of the bowsprit and the curiously hooked mast that gives the mainsail a huge roach. I imagine the further out you

extend the center of effort of the sail the better the responsiveness of the boat. There was so much action this particular day that, coupled with my crippling shyness, I was unable to engage any of the owners on this subject. So my analysis could be way off. Whatever the case, keep a sharp eye ahead as they don't exactly turn on a dime, nor would you want them to when moving at speed, which would appear to be at least 20-30K on a good day.

Also down for the weekend were two Hudson River ice boats, (or ice yachts as their owners prefer to call them), beautiful cruciform vessels that moved as fast as they look. There are some pictures of them included in the set. Readers may recall an extensive article about these boats in the March 2009 issue. More info can be found at the Hudson River Ice Yacht web site at <http://www.hriyc.org>.

For those interested, the Scooters can be seen in action any weekend that the bay is frozen, the owners are not only fanatical about their pastime, but have to take advantage of any opportunity that presents itself, as it's becoming a rarer and rarer treat for the bay to freeze up. Global warming? Who knows. In the summer it's resident-only parking, but in the winter they let their guard down and leave it to the inclement weather to cull the rabble down to a manageable number, so it's no problem getting in.

For those interested, I have also posted a bunch more pictures on my Picassa account: <http://picasaweb.google.com/briansalzano/Scooters#slideshow>

**To repeat the websites:**  
Great South Bay Scooter Club:  
<http://ice-scooter.org>  
Hudson River Ice Yacht Club:  
<http://www.hriyc.org>

The "Speed Queen" ready for it's rig. It probably won't come through in print but this boat was absolutely gleaming with fresh varnish, including the cockpit sole. I didn't get a shot of this one under sail but I'd presume those little manholes forward of the main cockpit are footwells for the jib-man.



The "Commodore Scoot", circa 1969, waiting for a rig





The *Big Mutha*, which appears to have bragging rights as being the biggest mother out there. Examination of the crew at work near the spreaders will indicate a beam of at least 8'. She was probably 15' on deck and 20' including the bowsprit.



An intriguing shape on this boat whose name I managed not to record. A bit on the eggish side, but then an egg is elegantly shaped in its own right.



The *Crab* underway. The club's records do not indicate a vintage for this boat. Judging by the lustre of wood it was an old one.

Nice action shot this. She's just getting under way in this picture. The name on this boat appears to be *Abigale*. There's an *Abigail* listed on the S...cooter website, but the spelling doesn't match. If the same boat then it's circa 1940.



There's something about the gaff rig tapering into the long, low jib that gives the scooter rig an amazing visual appeal. Hull 17 would be the *Sepe-On-Ice*, built in 1963.



The egg boat under sail. The reverse sheer of the aft and foredeck transitioning into the more conventional bowsprit works very nicely, I think.



The *Crab* again with a good clear view of the jib arrangement. As I mentioned in the body of the article, I couldn't get anyone to explain to me the nature of the rig. I'd presume it's a way of getting more sail outboard of the sprit in order to increase steering ability. Remember, these things have no rudder and are steered entirely by sail.

This is the *Abigale* again, getting up a head of steam. By the time I could line the camera up for another shot she was just a speck.







Beautiful shot of the Hudson River boat ready to roll.



Crew's gondola (I guess that's what you'd call it) on a Hudson River boat. Looks comfy, if you can get over the fact that it's 20 degrees outside.

Number 18 would be the *Tail Breeze*, here just getting underway.



Two Hudson River boats under sail. The larger boat in the photo I'd estimate at about 25' long, stem to stern. If you check out the Hudson River website (<http://www.hriyc.org>) they apparently come much larger than that.



Bright work at the stern of the Hudson River boat. Really spiffy.



At the opposite end of the spectrum are some plywood home built jobs referred to as "Shingles", reflective of their general design concept. Of course, all the boats are home built custom one-offs, the shingles are built and finished to a somewhat less shippy standard. I'm sure they are never-the-less a hoot to sail.

Number 8 would be the "Scamp", circa 1915.





Here it is March as I write this and another great year of iceboating is winding down. There was lots of sailing on Great South Bay, Long Island, the Hudson River, a little in Red Bank, New Jersey, and on many of the lakes in the Northeast. There was one weekend where iceboaters from all points converged on the Athens, New York, Hudson River waterfront (20 miles north of Ice Station Glasco). From New Jersey a half-dozen old stern steerer boats from the North Shrewsbury Ice Boat & Yacht Club along with two from the Long Branch Ice Boat & Yacht Club joined about a dozen from the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club ([www.hriyc.org](http://www.hriyc.org)). The stern steerers ranged in age from 1856 into the 1920s. There was also at least as many of those new fangled bow steerers.

It's been said that it's too short a season, so why bother. It's also been said that a day of iceboating equals a season of soft-water sailing. I agree with the second, ain't nothing like doing 40+ knots with a gaff rig, can't do that with your fastest high tech rig on your fastest multihull. Here's an understated quote from one Billy Bluefeather, who sails a unique homemade windsurfer-rigged boat, "If you ever wondered what it was like to sail with a herd of bulls, then satisfy your curiosity by getting involved in the next Hudson River big boat regatta."

I have been searching for the right words to describe what it felt like being in a fleet of big boats on fast ice with a stiff breeze. Well, I'm never going to be able to. The stern steerer event is, by all measures, the most exciting experience on ice you could ever have imagined. I sailed for over seven hours through this pack of big boats. My most exciting moment was when A-1 was just off my lee beam approaching me on an opposite tack closing speeds maybe 80 mph. Suddenly her windward runner rose maybe 12' into the air. The mast lay over at a good 45° angle, and get this, the main sheet tender was still stuffing line in his lap! She passed astern with the skipper Dan Clapp gleaming a huge smile.

I was covered with goose bumps. My head was like it was on a pivot. My exhausted adrenal gland begging me, whining like a little puppy to please stop. Sheet hand cramped up so much it was now a sheet elbow. Feet were numbing up, not from cold but from pushing so many times on the steering pedals. But I could not force myself to leave the ice until the ice finally left me in a 1" deep thaw around 4:30 after seven hours of sailing within this amazing fleet. And my brain recorded an event that I will never be able to do justice to in words. If you ever get a chance to do this, DO IT! Then you will know why dogs chase trucks!

## Report from Ice Station Glasco

By Dock Shuter

Here at Ice Station Glasco (Hudson River, 100 miles north of New York City) there was plenty of ice but it just didn't quite smooth out enough for sailing purposes. Ice Station Glasco is about two miles south of the Saugerties Lighthouse, which is operated as a non-profit B&B to pay for its maintenance ([www.saugertieslighthouse.org](http://www.saugertieslighthouse.org)). The crew of Ice Station Glasco consists of Dock, who somehow got appointed to the prestigious title Chairman of the SLH Dock Committee, and Scout Kate. The following is an incident report by the Secretary Dock Chair of a different sort of iceboating that took place the end of February.

The SLH has a 25' work barge, appropriately named the *Yuck Finn*, and a 40' floating dock that together hibernate on a beach (4' tide here) chained to the same tree every winter. Patrick, the lighthouse keeper, had just arrived back from vacation in Honduras and was spending some time with family in Brooklyn when he got a call from Coast Guard Station Saugerties (a half-mile from the lighthouse). The Coast Guard informed him that the *Yuck Finn* and dock were five miles north of the lighthouse. Yes, vandals had struck, causing our flotilla to go walkabout, or more correctly floatabout. The good news is the vandal has been identified, in fact, it's the same perpetrator that attacked the lighthouse's fixed dock! The bad news, she has yet to be apprehended, so beware! Keep a sharp lookout and report all sightings of this Mother Nature to the Department of Homeland Security.

The Coast Guard asked us to please retrieve it as they were being bothered by calls of a downed aircraft five miles north of the lighthouse. When Patrick asked for their assistance he was told they "aren't equipped for that" (the Coast Guard station has at least one 40' icebreaker there in addition to the main icebreaker that's on constant patrol). Saugerties Lighthouse Conservancy Board members Dick and Dock were quickly dispatched to the lighthouse where they were reinforced by Jack. An attempt was made with the vastly superior equipment of the lighthouse (a borrowed aluminum skiff and the lighthouse 4hp outboard) but they were forced to abandon the mission as the mighty *Finn* and dock swept by on an ebb tide, surrounded by impenetrable pack ice, not more than 40' from the lighthouse.

The whole ice sheet locked in once again between the lighthouse and Ice Station Glasco, leaving the lighthouse flotilla on the west side of the river, out of the channel, in front of the Dominican Sisters, but at least they were in holy water, or more correctly, a holy sheet. Several immobile days went by, a sort of constipation of the sheet, you might say. Board members Dick and Dock couldn't take the boredom. Dick made inquiries to obtain the services of a Kingston, New York, tug while Dock wanted to increase his expense account just a smidgen and get a ride in a heavy lift helicopter.

When the crew of Ice Station Glasco returned from a Sunday late afternoon outing they were expecting another boring night, but wait, holy sheet, it was on the move! Things didn't move much but it was observed that there might be an open lead, or more correctly, a parting of the holy sheet from the nuns to the flotilla. Scout Kate quickly dispatched herself in an 8' kayak to the holy land, then overland, back into semi open water and out towards the flotilla. Dock was busy with gear preparations and organizing the other members of the Dock Committee (consisting of Dock, Chairman Dock, Dock Chair, Secretary Dock Chair, and Assistant Undersecretary Dock Chair)

Once Dock saw the Scout en route by soft water to the flotilla, the Keeper was called. Being the sensible fellow that he is, he jumped at the chance of dying by hypothermia at night! You can't do that in Honduras! The Scout and Keeper (with the mighty 4hp Yamaha outboard) converged back at Ice Station Glasco where the Crusader's kayak assault fleet had been assembled. One kayak was loaded and lashed with the mighty Yamaha and a chopper bar, which was towed with a tandem yak by the Dock Committee and Keeper. The Crusaders traversed the ice-choked cove to the holy land where they marched overland, yaks in tow, over the snow.

Reconverging at the beginning of the open lead, the Crusaders made their way through the holy sheet and bergy bits to the wayward flotilla. It required some chopping and pulling with hatchet to reach our goal, but a landing on our beloved *Yuck* was achieved. Then the chopping of ice began in earnest so we could mount the mighty Yamaha. The anchor was still deployed by chain and shackle and couldn't be retrieved nor dislodged. The mighty Yamaha was also gulping fuel at a prodigious rate in the 32° waters.

The Scout had to return to Ice Station Glasco to make up for the lack of preparations of Assistant Undersecretary Dock Chair. When the Scout returned with the needed sup-



plies and tools she reported that the tide had changed and the ice near shore appeared to be closing back in. The Yamaha was quickly refueled, the anchor was dispatched, and we were off. Then the Yamaha died. It looked to be a long night indeed. Despite the Yamaha's recalcitrance it was convinced to cooperate after a stern sermon and some less than holy incantations from Chairman Dock. In short order the Crusaders, kayak assault fleet, *Yuck Finn*, and Dock successfully navigated the holy sheet and were able to regain the holy land where it is hoped they can hide out from that vandal until spring.

Ice Station Glasco, over and out.



THE JUNIOR BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB HOLDING A REGATTA AT PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

Here we have an early article on model yachting on Brooklyn's Prospect Park Lake, notable for its emphasis on young skippers. It appeared in the "Our Boys and Girls" section of the magazine *Hearth and Home*. At the time the magazine was edited by Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the children's section was edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, who later left to found the beloved children's magazine *St Nicholas*, and who published such writers as Louisa May Alcott, so the quality of the writing and illustration comes as no surprise.

The models shown are typical of the era in being schooners of a wide variety of sizes. The race appears to be a fleet event set as a broad reach across the lake, which is also typical. The dress, and the attendance of one of Brooklyn's Finest (it did not become part of New York City until 1898), as well as the coverage in *Hearth and Home*, indicates that at this time model yachting was definitely an upper-class pastime.

This was not to last; by the latter part of the century skiff sailing had become the dominant form of racing. This placed a premium on athletic ability, and the sport was largely taken over by workingmen, who were looked down upon by the genteel as being ruffians. Canoeing on a lake was one of the few ways an unmarried Victorian couple could find privacy, and being rammed by an out of control, 6' model yacht pushed by 2000 square inches or so of sail was very unwelcome. By the early 1900s the larger skiff sailed boat had moved to New York harbor.

## Miniature Yacht Clubs

From Earl Boebert  
Reprinted from *The Model Yacht*  
Newsletter of the  
US Vintage Model Yacht Group

.....

### Miniature Yacht Clubs

By Unknown, 1872

The yachting picture on this page will at first puzzle many of our young readers. "No sailors aboard! What does it mean?" they will say. "Why, the yachts are not as big as the boys!"

True, as many of them are not, for they range in size from 2' to 5' in length, and the only yachtsmen they could carry would be the tiny sailors that Gulliver saw on the island of Lilliput. Still the race is "great fun," even though the captains and sailors stand on shore and watch the fate of their craft without the delight of darting through the keen, quick air and feeling the spray on their faces. For they have set their sails and directed their rudders according to their best nautical judgement, and they know the build of the yachts by heart, and what ballast they carry.

It is not all guesswork by any means. No, indeed. The race is conducted on a scientific basis, though now and then wind and

water lay unexpected ranks, and the fairest craft is not always to be depended upon. Generally, we believe, the races are undertaken simply for the honor of the thing, but often kind friends of the club put up a beautiful flag or pennon to be given to the winning boat.

Allow us to introduce the owners, a fine looking set of boys, "The Junior Brooklyn Yacht Club, Commodore Lane."

By the way isn't that the Commodore lying there on the lake shore, though it may be quite a prominent young citizen of Brooklyn for aught we know to the contrary. The Commodore is the finest-looking fellow in the crowd, of course, and all the members are the next finest looking. Why not?

This lake at Prospect Park affords a fine opportunity for miniature yacht racing. Two of these little yacht clubs have been established in Brooklyn during the present year for the purposes of amusement, and the testing of models; one, the first-firmed "Prospect Park Club", Commodore Fleming, sailing on Saturdays; the other, the Junior Brooklyn Yacht Club, sailing on both Wednesdays and Saturdays, though Wednesday is specially set apart for it. The "Prospects" are all grown up, but the "Juniors" are boys.

The Central Park of New York, so far, has no little yachts to rival the white swans floating on its beautiful lakes, but this state of things can not continue very long. The great shipping interests of the country demand that a C. P. yachting club should be established. At least we heard a young New Yorker say so a few days ago, and if he doesn't know, who does?

For our seventh annual fall foliage paddle, Rob Scribner and I arrived at Nicaous Lodge and Cabins on Nicaous Lake in mid-September 2008. After driving seemingly endless miles on dusty dirt roads we happily reached the lake, a refreshing shimmer of blue water stretching past forested islands to the horizon. We were back at last in eastern Maine's magnificent sprawl of lakes and streams.

Mike, a Nicaous Lodge employee, greeted us at the waterfront. "Let me help you unload the canoe," and he and Rob slid our canoe off its rack and carried it to the put-in channel. An American flag and a POW/MIA flag flew from a dockside pole. Two huge gasoline drums, a pump, and a maintenance cabin lined the road in front of the lodge. The lodge does a tremendous winter business with snowmobilers and apparently high-priced gas doesn't keep them from coming. "It's \$5.50 a gallon," Mike said, "and they pay gladly (considering the isolation). Sometimes we even have to go to Howland (20 miles west) for more gas to keep up with the demand."

Within minutes we met Ray Sealey and his wife, Christine, owners of the lodge, which was established in 1928. "You'll catch bass and perch in the lake," Ray said. "People keep coming back here year after year. There are lean-to campsites along the lake." Ray, an Australian, had just bought the sporting camp the previous spring. He had met Chris, an American from Massachusetts, in the South Seas and they had come here with their two young children to begin a new life.

After parking Rob's van and my car on lodge property for a nominal fee, we sat down to lunch in the dining room where Mike served me an excellent hamburger. Covering the walls around us were the usual stuffed deer heads, mounted fish, framed maps, photos, snowshoes, and assorted memorabilia. Rob and I appreciated the traditional decor of this vintage Maine hunting and fishing camp, so unlike the glitzy, overblown extravagance of many new lodges that cater to a high-end clientele. In keeping with the "roughing it" atmosphere, the whole complex still relies on generator power, with lights-out in mid-evening, just as it had been on my first visit 20 years earlier.

Why should I want to paddle Nicaous? I can only smile at the question. For me the decision was easy. Anyone with adequate health, a little money, and some free time would be a fool not to go there. Even its name is intriguing, a Native American word

## Canoeing Maine's Nicaous Lake

### Land of Moose and Loons

By Richard E. Winslow III  
Dedicated to the memory  
of Henry van Dyke (1852–1933),  
whose writings inspired me  
to paddle Nicaous Lake

that means "Little Fork," a reference to the confluence of Nicaous Stream, the outlet of the lake that roars down past the lodge and the Passadumkeag River. Also influencing me was the book *Days Off* (1907) by Henry van Dyke. In a chapter entitled "A Holiday in a Vacation," he described his long-ago Nicaous Lake canoe trip. "Nicaous Lake is a good one for fishing," van Dyke wrote, "for the water is clear, the shores are clean, the islands plenty, and the bays deep and winding." A century later there's still no need to embellish that apt description. Wise management, easements, and purchases have, for the most part, preserved the lake's pristine nature.

As Rob and I pushed off in our 20' Old Town XL Tripper, we were looking at the aftermath of a glacier that had receded 10,000 years ago. After the ice melted the lake filled a gouged-out gorge. The vegetation along-shore had partly covered up the geological evidence but clues were all around, eskers, sand, gravel, and boulders left behind as the dying glacier retreated like a beaten army, hastily abandoning its gear on the battlefield. The resulting scenery is incredibly dramatic.

On our four-day/three-night trip Rob and I were able to enjoy one of the most beautiful lakes in Maine, if not in the eastern United States. Extending ten miles, the lake winds through channels and skirts 98 islands. Near the edges were many "moose pastures," swamps with flaming red maples turning color early as their flooded roots accelerated the leaf-aging process. Boulders lining the shore resembled stacked white dominoes. The shoreline topography climbed gradually to low, roller-coaster ridges. We breathed the freshest of air. Loons, eagles, Canada geese, great blue herons, and mergansers flew or swam nearby, our almost constant companions. A critic once wrote about the novelist Thomas Wolfe that he "could get drunk on the scenery." I certainly felt the same way, a

good thing since Rob had forgotten to bring along wine for our evening meals.

Once underway we paddled under a flawless blue sky on an utterly flat lake, our blades slicing through what looked like glass. We landed on the western shore and inspected the Norway Point campsite, an esker with a long, sandy bar crested by a forested knoll. The site was perfect except for one problem, since it was used frequently there was no firewood, the once-abundant dead trees had been cut and burned long ago. So Rob decided we should check out the eastern shore which was close enough for an easy crossing. We found a place with a beach and ample dead wood but no tentsites. Experienced guides such as Rob seem to have more contingency plans than any general, admiral, or president, so he opted to return to Norway Point after having loaded us up with an adequate supply of firewood.

As we were nearing the long sand spit, my eyes were focused straight ahead in anticipation of landing around the bend. "Someone has stolen our campsite," Rob said excitedly, breaking the silence. I was already drooping from first-day-itis so I believed him. Besides, I dreaded the prospect of another hour of paddling, only to limp in doubly tired at a more distant campsite down the lake. By then it would be late afternoon and darkness would arrive by 6:30pm. After hearing Rob's alarming observation, however, I slowly turned my head toward the sand spit, anticipating the worst. There I saw the invaders, half a dozen Canada geese. By the time we had landed the birds had flown away, graciously vacating their claim to our night's home.

After eating supper in darkness I headed to my beachfront tent site where waves rolled in and ushered white foam onto the sand, stopping just short of my tent. At 3:00 in the morning I ventured outside for a fantastic display, the Milky Way, Orion, the Pleiades, Alpha Centauri, and shooting stars. The Big Dipper was tilted at such a high angle that it almost seemed its cosmic water might spill out. I gazed at this brilliant spectacle in awe, almost as if I were a primitive man viewing the heavens of thousands of years ago. That was romance. Although I was becoming quite chilled, the beauty of this so intoxicated me that I walked out on the sand spit and lingered a bit longer. This place was truly the campsite of the gods.

Early the next morning I followed the path over the knoll to join Rob at the camp kitchen. He was more animated than usual.

A ten-mile paddle to the far end of the lake begins with its first stroke. The view outward from the Nicaous Lodge dock.



Intelligence gathering always proves advantageous. A casual reconnaissance at this place on the first day ultimately determined our third night's campsite.







Nature boy's paradise. My tentsite at Norway Point is unexcelled for location, solitude, beach, and fresh air.



In the glow of the early morning sun, Rob prepares breakfast over a wood fire.

"Dick, take a look at these impressions!" We walked up a few steps to his tent. "Here's a moose footprint on the trail and there's a drag mark at my tent guyline where the moose dragged his hoof, carrying pine needles against the metal tent stake. At first, when I was lying in my sleeping bag I thought it was you walking up the trail. Then I realized I was hearing four feet, not two, so I knew it wasn't you. When I opened the tent door I saw a brown flank and then the head of a bull moose. He turned away so I bolted out of the tent and followed him on foot and then by canoe. He disappeared into the woods beyond the swamp pasture. It's now rutting season but I guess he wasn't interested in me. Maybe he was after food, or just curious."

I was amazed. "I wonder why the moose didn't first investigate my campsite area," I said. "It's on the way to your tent. How lucky it was that when he tripped over the guyline, he didn't pitch and lurch with his full 1,500 pounds against your tent." Rob now had a moose story he will tell for the rest of his life, as I shall, too. That excitement over, we were soon back on the water, following along the western shore. Moose Cove, so aptly named, extended back into a swamp for some distance.

Out on the lake, as well as in camp, one quickly becomes accustomed to different tones. Natural sounds such as bird calls, lapping waves, and paddle blades dipping in and out of the water are expected. Mechanical noises, whether motorboat, floatplane, or chainsaw, first intrude faintly and then intensify. As we passed the Nicatous Club compound

I heard some chopping and sawing sounds coming from two or three private camps that were still open, despite the lateness of the season. Fortunately the noise was generally muted and tolerable. The owners were probably "buttoning up" the buildings for winter.

My mind drifted back to a northern Maine canoeing trip I had taken some years earlier in the company of the assistant director of the Maine Audubon Society. "I was once on a field trip with a timber corporation executive," he said to our group. "Going by a stand of heavy timber, I heard chainsaws jarring away at full blast deep in the woods. The executive looked at me and exclaimed, 'How I love to hear the sound of money!'"

At the time I couldn't focus on the value judgments, I was preoccupied, battling a headwind while paddling full bore ahead. Regarding environmental matters, though, I suppose I am as guilty as the next person for taking advantage of the machine age, for relying on bush-pilot fly-ins for some of my trips as well as for utilizing the timber executive's wood in the construction of the canoe in which I was sitting. But with the waves belting the boat, I wasn't mentally composing a protest letter to the Secretary of the Interior. My immediate job was to keep the canoe upright.

Once through The Narrows, we entered into a huge expanse of water and aimed toward a distant archipelago which looked from afar like solid, continuous land. After meandering through that last maze we sighted the lake's end. Nicatous Lake had simply run out

of water. Curling eastward on a horseshoe bend, we were following a long esker peninsula topped with a thinned-out stand of trees. We knew instantly it was a campsite.

From the landing between boulders we climbed a graded path to gain some height. A flat ridge with an extended pine grove provided a superb lake overlook. During unloading I was overzealous and pulled out a red bag. "That's the first-aid bag," Rob informed me when I arrived with a load at the top of the esker ridge. "You can put it back in the canoe if you want. We won't need it here." I was glad to know that if, indeed, our expedition was going that smoothly, we did not have to lug everything to the top.

Before pitching our tents and setting up the kitchen, Rob and I took advantage of the late afternoon sunlight to go on a hike and explore the esker. There would be no hike after supper, it would be dark by then. Suddenly I heard a vehicle grinding away in the distance. Maybe a car or truck on a dirt road in back of the lake? The noise kept getting louder. Suddenly four ATVs came bouncing over the roots and rolling up and down bumps and gullies on the trail, now doubling as an ATV path. Seeing our pile of gear, they stopped and removed their goggles.

"We've been on the back trails for two and a half hours, all the way down from Lincoln," said a stocky, rugged-looking man in his 50s. He introduced his wife, alongside on another ATV. The other two were a mother in her 40s and her teenage daughter, possibly still in high school. The vehicles were

One of the countless coves of Nicatous Lake, here near The Narrows.



After lunch at the Narrows campsite, Rob checks his map to determine the most efficient route.





A multiuse recreational area accommodates both canoeists and ATVs. A drivers' pit stop is strategically located for refueling and routine maintenance.



An exhausted 4½lb bass poses under protest. Rob displays his catch before releasing it into the water.

covered with dust and mud. The man, apparently the leader of the group, performed routine maintenance checks and poured gasoline from a can to refill each tank. "Through the years," he continued, "we have been all over Fort Kent, up at the other end of Nicasious." After detailing the merits and liabilities of each ATV brand, Arctic Cat, Yamaha, and Polaris, along with accounts of other trips, breakdowns, emergencies, and life on the trails, he told us that he and his wife hailed from Topsham, Maine, and that their two friends were from Rockland. Rob responded that he was from Machias.

"Where are you from?" the man asked me.

"Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I guess I'm the only non-Mainer here. When I'm not canoeing, I write books about the Navy Yard."

"Well, where's the Yard? In Maine or New Hampshire?"

"I have to say New Hampshire, since I live there."

"We should throw you in the lake."

I knew this was no time to dive into the never-ending discussion of whether the Yard is in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, or Kittery, Maine. The locals on the Maine/New Hampshire border have been feuding about this issue vehemently for years. The long-festering dispute even reached the Supreme Court of the United States for a decision. I never thought I would be engaging in this perennial harangue in such a remote place but, of course, one never knows. At any rate, I stood my ground literally and the four Mainers, five

if Rob were included, let me go without giving me a cold water dunking.

After more banter they mounted up and headed back toward Lincoln in order to arrive there by nightfall. As they departed Rob decided that we were indeed home for the night. I was absolutely sure that this campsite would not be the midnight destination of any ATVs, but to maximize my safety I pitched my tent behind two trees and a massive boulder, affording enough protection to stop a Mack truck.

As darkness fell and I crawled into my sleeping bag, I listened to the evening serenade of the loons. We had seen many loons during the daytime and heard them at night. Their calls seemed to express a joy and an ecstasy that I could never hope to emulate. Even back in civilization I hear their calls in my imagination. Through the years, while on these canoeing trips, I have tried to articulate my attraction for loons, both in writing and photography. But I always come up short, unable to grasp the soul of such a proud and independent bird, beholden to no one. I shall, however, venture this thought. As long as there is a single loon left on a wilderness lake in North America, this militant guardian will continue its heroic protest against an increasingly overpopulated and industrialized sprawl. The loon calls out for all of us, in defense of its habitat as well as ours.

At dawn I performed my morning ritual, a brisk dip amid sea smoke rising in the cove and lily pads cloaked in fog. After my immersion

I watched the concentric rings fan out, circle after circle, until they blended into and disappeared in the still water. Dreams evaporated as the chilly lake awakened me more effectively than any cold shower back in civilization.

The day's paddle further stimulated all the senses, especially my arms and torso as we were bucking a headwind. Ahead the whitecaps resembled a line of whiskers on the face of the lake. Like a boxer slipping a punch, Rob skillfully navigated our canoe to take full advantage of the protection of the many islands in order to blunt the full frontal impact of the rolling waves. Once past Dollar Island we passed through The Narrows and doubled back to hug the eastern shoreline. Almost all of the shoreline camps were closed for the season, the summer people having migrated back to suburbia. Or perhaps they were snowbirds, already in Florida.

Back in a still water cove Rob reached for his rod with its 6lb test line to cast for trout. He relied on a small treble hook which he had purchased two days earlier at Nicasious Lodge. After two or three casts Rob's rod bent double, almost to the point of snapping. He had a strike. The battle went on for some minutes before an exhausted 4½lb bass surfaced and wiggled alongside the canoe. "I was using a hook for trout," Rob said, as he extracted the barb. "The hook barely caught on the bass's lip and is hanging like a hair. I'm taking a digital photo to record this catch." Rob then returned the fish to the wa-

Night landings without adequate light are out of the question. Access to our third and last campsite necessitated precise maneuvering through a boulder maze.



"What, me worry? It's not even bird-hunting season yet." A duck swims nonchalantly in front of our canoe.







Zoned for housing. Despite the absence of government subsidies, a large beaver lodge in Porter Cove demonstrates that the construction industry is still thriving.



High-boot country, and don't slip. A swale of swamp grass, muck, and high water at a makeshift landing leads to the Porter Cove campsite.

ter, a benevolent catch-and-release gesture. The next cove yielded a smaller prize, a 3lb bass this time. Again it was a miracle that the rod didn't break. And again Rob returned a sore-lipped bass to the water. He was planning on chicken for supper.

These quiet coves always tended to fool me. "The wind has certainly died down," I would exclaim. "The water is calm and unruffled."

"No, Dick, the wind is still out there. Once we leave the cove we'll be right back into the rough water." Except for our lunch stop on a beach at another quiet cove, we continued to battle headwinds.

A Boy Scout lean-to at one eastern shore campsite prompted our reconnaissance. The place was dark with a heavy tree canopy and a haphazard circle of rocks for a cooking area. The hummocky terrain spurred me to walk a fair distance to seek out a level campsite. "I don't like this site that much," Rob said. "Let's move on. We can return here if we find nothing better."

By late afternoon we landed at a site we had visited on the first day's paddle. Signs nailed to a tree got right to the point. A yellow sign read, "CARRY IN, CARRY OUT LITTER, Keep Maine Scenic." Another sign was blunter. "Enjoy your stay on this Private Land. Put out fire before leaving. Carry out all litter." The site turned out to be perfectly satisfactory in every way except one. After pitching my tent in the woods I kept hearing

a strange noise, a creaking sound. "It's probably just a tree frog," Rob said.

The next morning dawned brilliantly, a bright sunny day with calm water. Why is it that so many expeditions seem to end on the best day, weatherwise, of the entire trip? "The time to go home," a guide once told me, "is when you run out of wood." On another expedition some sports avowed, "When you run out of beer and wine, it's time to go." One sure sign of when to terminate a trip is when your tent's zipper track becomes clogged with sand and refuses to work. In my own case, my thoughts about leaving centered on a slight case of lower back pain, a common occupational hazard for canoeists, and the ordeal of pulling on cold, clammy swimming trunks for my morning dip. And besides, the rude tree frog had kept up its creaking most of the night.

I decided to walk a little farther into the woods to investigate that mystery. Soon I discovered that the noise had nothing to do with a tree frog. When I again heard that annoying sound, my eyes followed it upward. Two tall trees were growing close together and whenever a slight breeze blew, the upper limbless trunks scraped together, creating the creaking noise that had pretty much ruined my sleep.

Soon we were back on the water. Wanting to explore as much as possible on this beautiful last day, we crossed over to the opposite shore to Duck Lake Cove and Porter Cove, always following the in-and-out contour line.

Soon, without any advance inkling, I made a great discovery, a row of high-bush blueberries growing at water's edge. I stood up from my bow seat for easy picking. Since the thick forest tangle behind it was dense, the only access to the fruit was from the lakeside. While many of the berries were well past peak and drying up to nutlike hardness, I gorged myself on the few remaining still-ripe clusters.

After spotting a well-built beaver lodge and checking out a campsite we approached the Nicatous Lodge beach take-out. "Why is it," I asked, "that time always seems to accelerate on trips, faster than 'normal' time on the outside?" Rob just shook his head and agreed, as time on this expedition had flown by as fast as a sudden wind sweeps down the lake.

After we landed and planted our feet on solid ground, I strolled over to shake Rob's hand. "Without you," I said, "I never would have undertaken this trip." This realization brought to mind a quotation by Victor Hugo, the French novelist. "There is nothing so powerful," he wrote, "as an idea whose time has come." In my own personal, scaled-down tribute to this adage, I had nursed a passion for 20 years to canoe Nicatous Lake. Only when Rob appeared on the scene, and with guide and sport working together, was I able to execute this plan whose time had finally come. My commitment to this expedition also proved to be a catalyst for Rob, since even he had never taken a trip on these waters.

From the height of our Porter Cove campsite, accessed by a rear dirt road, Rob glances toward our canoe mired in mud.



At the waterfront, the Nicatous Lodge sign features a hunter with his dogs.





Aerial photo of Nicatous Lake and surrounding area.—Courtesy of John Ford, Les Vants Aerial Photos

Nicatous Lake is a long, narrow lake at the head of Nicatous Stream, tributary to the Passadumkeag River. It is approximately ten miles long containing 5,165 acres. It is widely considered to be one of Maine's most beautiful water bodies with its pristine sand beaches, intricate coves, and 98 islands. It lies along an historic Penobscot River Indian canoe trail (now the Eastern Maine Canoe Trail) and is the hub for paddling routes down the Union, Narraguagus, and West Machias rivers. The name Nicatous means "little fork" and refers to the nearby junction of Nicatous Stream and the Passadumkeag River, a decision point for Indian canoeists. Nicatous Lake is one of the top five loon-nesting lakes in Maine and has three bald eagle nesting sites. There are six deer-wintering areas in the area and ample range for species such as bobcat and black bear. Nearby West Lake supports trophy-sized land-locked salmon.

By purchasing an easement on the Robbins Paper Company land and additional acreage owned by International Paper, the state of Maine helped to foster sustainable forest management while extinguishing all development rights on the purchased land, protecting shoreline buffers, conserving wildlife habitat and opportunities for traditional recreation. In addition to the easement, the state acquired 76 of the 98 islands in Nicatous Lake. There are two areas of development on the lake. There have been several camps and sporting lodges on the north end for many years and more recently there has been a large area of camp development along the east shore of the south basin. There are several places for tent camping which must be accessed by canoe or boat. There is boat access on both the north and south ends of the lake. Nicatous is a great place to view wildlife; deer, moose, bear, loons, and more!

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Christine served us lunch in the lodge dining room and she pulled up a chair to join us at the table. Since Rob and Christine earned their livelihoods in the outdoor recreation field, they had much in common, understanding both its pleasures and its pressures. "I shut off my office phone at 4pm," Rob said, "otherwise my wife and I would be answering the telephone well into the night. On occasion, people have even driven to our home at 8pm, pounded on the door, and asked about trips or wanted to rent a kayak or a canoe."

Christine well understood the demands of the general public. She and Ray had been extremely busy since they had bought Nicatous and they were already involved with marketing and advertising for the following year. "I need to separate my personal life from my business life," she said. "We work all the time. Only recently I got away to Duck Lake with my two daughters for a day to ourselves. Last weekend, we had 40 people here for lunch and filled the two dining rooms."

Back in Henry van Dyke's day, a century ago, Maine's sporting camps were seasonal operations that catered almost exclusively to hunting and fishing guests. But the ATV and the snowmobile have changed all that. Now such businesses often operate year-round, they almost have to, given the economic realities, to host the above-mentioned vehicle operators as well as family reunions, wedding receptions, business conferences, religious retreats, and anyone else who might want to book the place. Even in paradise the economic engine needs to keep running year-round.

Rob and I reluctantly took leave of Christine and Nicatous Lodge. Neither of us nurtured a single regret, except possibly Rob, who had hoped to hook into a school of white perch for a fish fry or a chowder supper. For my part, I would have enjoyed seeing a Nicatous moose, from a safe distance, that is. But next year's canoeing season will be here soon. "We'll go to Grand Lake Matagamon and Webster Brook (north of Katahdin)," Rob said. "We'll go with some of my relatives."

I gave Nicatous Lake one last loving glance. I had experienced more spiritual joy and exhilaration here than if I had been sequestered in a church or a pagoda, either alone or with a shaman or Zen master chanting to me. I don't need supervision or indoctrination, rules and regulations offend me and doctrines bore me.

The best temple has no walls, just air, water, trees, and boulders. I had found what I was looking for here at Nicatous Lake, breathing its special elixir saturated with loon laughter, sea smoke, and yes, even creaking tree trunks.

#### Practical Information for Nicatous Lake

One outfitter is currently available.  
For his services contact: Rob Scribner  
Sunrise Canoe and Kayak  
Hoytown Rd, RR 1, Box 344A  
Machias, ME 04654  
(207) 255-3375 (weekdays)  
Toll-free (877) 980-2300 (weekdays)  
Fax (207) 255-3183  
[www.sunrisecanoeandkayak.com](http://www.sunrisecanoeandkayak.com)

For the services of the lodge contact:  
Ray and Christine Sealey  
Nicatous Lodge and Cabins  
Rte 188, PO Box 100  
Burlington, ME 04417  
(207) 356-7506  
[nicatouslodge@hughes.net](mailto:nicatouslodge@hughes.net)  
[www.nicatouslodge.com](http://www.nicatouslodge.com)



My catamaran experience starts with a sailing trip with my brothers John and James, John's then girlfriend (now wife) Patty, and myself. John wanted to go sailing with Patty and James and I were along for the ride. I was about 12, James maybe 17, and John and Patty were about 19 or 20, which makes it about 1974. We almost got turned away from the rental dock when we didn't have a credit card but we managed to put together \$100 (a big sum then) for a damage deposit. The boat we got was an AquaCat, which was about 14' long, and rather than wire shrouds it had tubular metal supports that ran from each pontoon to about 10' up a steeply raked mast which gave it a rather clunky look. A single mainsail, no jib, the typical trampoline, and (unbeknownst to us) "kick-down" rudders that did not kick down very well, completed the boat.

The wind was coming straight into the cove where the rental dock was so we set up bow into the wind and climbed on board. I was forward on the trampoline, across from Patty, and James and John were toward the stern. We headed out fairly tight to the wind and we didn't go too far before we had to come about. What followed was the first of many unsuccessful attempts to tack. As the bows came into the wind we lost what little way we had and stopped dead in the water. After a while the wind started moving us backwards, and we finally were moving fast enough that reversing the rudders managed to bring the bows around enough so we could go off on the opposite tack. This process repeated itself many times over, with what distance we gained to windward on each tack negated by what we lost attempting to come about. One time we ended up in the reeds and I have a distinct picture of John chest deep in water off the stern of the AquaCat, reeds all around him, fighting to muscle the AquaCat around and trying to get the rudders to stay down.

We spent somewhere between 45 minutes and an hour trying to get the stubborn boat out of the cove, gaining a little on some tacks, losing it in irons, popping the rudders up in shallow water and not being able to get them down again. When we finally gave up John was soaked and we all had a healthy distrust for catamarans in general and AquaCats in particular.

My next catamaran experience was on a Hobie 16. Lee Wright was my age and his father had a Hobie 16 which he brought on our Boy Scout trips to Jefferson Island. The Jefferson Island Club owned an island in the lower Potomac and through the connections of our Scoutmaster we were able to go camping there a couple of times a year. Boating was the big attraction and the Wright's Hobie was by far the fastest sailboat out there. When we were younger Mr Wright would take several of us for trips, the most memorable time was when I was 13 or so. I was out with Mr Wright and a bigger kid named Merek. We were coming into the cove at a pretty good clip when our downwind pontoon nipped the sandbar. The boat did a sort of pitchpole-twist and we were all thrown forward. Merek was on the trapeze and went flying out into the jib and Mr Wright squashed me into the shrouds. I grabbed onto the shrouds and as the boat was settling onto its side I clambered up onto the high pontoon. Mr Wright and Merek fell into the water, but I was high and dry six feet up in the air. Mr Wright and Merek tried to get the boat righted without me getting wet but they couldn't pull it over with me on the

## Messing About and Messing Up in Catamarans

By Edward B. Flint

high pontoon. Once I climbed down onto the lower pontoon they pulled it over easily, but I failed in my attempt to get back on as it was being righted and fell into the water. We all ended up wet but I almost stayed dry through a capsizing.

My latest catamaran messabout was just three summers ago with my brother James, his daughter Samantha, 18, and my daughter Sarah, 12. We went to the same rental dock we had gone to 20-plus years before, intending to rent a monohull Hunter 120. The Hunters were reserved for the sailing school so the choice was between two kayaks or a Hobie 14. James, remembering the AquaCat fiasco, wanted to rent the kayaks but the rest of us convinced him that we could manage a Hobie Cat with all the additional experience we had had since then. So again we set off in a catamaran for an adventure.

The wind was blowing in again but a combination of a better boat and more experience let us clear the cove and get out of the harbor. We had to tack a few times and we came about easily. Even though the Hobie had no jib we made it through the wind with enough momentum that we didn't get stuck in irons as we came about. James was steering and I managed the lines for a while, and then we decided to let Sarah have a chance on the tiller. She was sailing for not more than five minutes when we saw a Hobie Cat with the same sails as ours (from the same rental dock) capsize about half a mile away. We decided to head over that way and on the way I took over steering from Sarah.

When we got closer we found three people in the water hanging onto the Hobie Cat, making no attempt to right their boat. They asked us to get someone from the rental company to come out to rescue them, but then James noticed that the woman in the water was hanging onto a rudder and had pulled it from its fixture. Saying "here I go," he jumped into the water to help. I tried to keep our boat close, but we drifted away so I started trying to sail little circuits so I could keep in contact. James got the three crewmembers of the downed Hobie organized to pull on the righting lines and the Hobie did the classic 180° maneuver as the wind caught the sails as it came up and pushed it right over again. By this time a police boat had arrived, and to help on the second righting attempt they lifted the mast out of the water as James and the others were pulling on the righting lines. Same result, the mast went 180° and ended up back in the water. I came in close, wanting to either switch places with James or shout him some advice, and we got a little too close and had to fumble around. The marine policeman yelled at us, "You are becoming part of the problem!" We backed off, and on the third try James got the boat up and kept it there.

James scrambled on the Hobie 16, unclefted the sheets, and headed her into the wind in short order. He pulled the one experienced sailor back on without too much difficulty, but the other two took quite a bit of effort to get back on the trampoline. All four of them were freezing so James decided just to

sail them back to the dock himself. We went back in formation and delivered the dunked sailors back to shore, cold and shivering but otherwise no worse for wear.

As we were checking out I took care of the paperwork and jokingly asked the girl behind the counter if we could get a discount for our rescue efforts. She didn't understand what we were talking about since they were unaware the other boat had capsized. We hurried James into the car and blasted the heater as Samantha drove us home.



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It was July 30, 2008, my fourth night on a 14' cruising sailboat named *Serenity*. My friend Shemaya and I had enjoyed a beautiful day of sailing from Annisquam River and Wingaersheek Beach to the coastal waters of New Hampshire, covering about 15 miles in five easy hours. We chose to anchor in the mouth of Hampton Harbor, safe behind the breakwater yet conveniently outside the drawbridge. We planned to leave before dawn to avoid fighting the current of an incoming tide so we wanted to remain close to the harbor entrance. We dropped anchor and settled in, or tried to, for the night.

Our anchorage position gave us an excellent view of the drawbridge and its operation. Fishing boats large and small, recreational boats, and tall tourist boats (whale-watching? fishing? or just out for an evening tour?) passed by. We watched the drawbridge open and close, open and close. As the wake of each passing boat reached us we rocked and rolled rather dramatically in the waves. We told ourselves that this was temporary, that traffic would soon subside. But even as daylight faded into twilight huge touring boats kept heading out of the harbor.

I became adept at standing with my feet firmly placed on the cabin sole, my forearms braced along the top edges of the companionway and my hands ready to grab hold as the next large wave approached. As the boat rocked I flexed in place, keeping my eyes on the horizon or the line of bridge lights for perspective. It was almost fun. My years of folk dancing probably helped. Shemaya and I laughed about this dancing action, she and I had originally met at a folk dance.

Shemaya was lying, as usual, on her custom-made bed in the cockpit where she sleeps, eats, navigates, and sails. Health problems prevent her from climbing down into the cabin or standing for more than a few moments, but she is an experienced sailor well accustomed to the motions of her Peep-Hen, this small cruising sailboat. In June she had sailed from Hartford down the Connecticut River to Long Island Sound and into Narragansett Bay. Some years ago in another sailboat she had sailed solo for two and a half months along the coast of New England. This month she had started in Danversport and was hoping to reach Maine. I had come aboard in Salem to crew and assist her for a week. I had enjoyed a previous week with her in Narragansett Bay and had returned eagerly. But now I was quite tired and we both needed rest.

Another large boat approached and, to our surprise, slowed down before passing us. That seemed a nice gesture which we appreciated. But the captain startled us with a loud announcement through his megaphone, "You are going to go aground!" The tourists standing at the rails of the three decks on his commercial boat looked in our direction as he increased speed and headed out of the harbor, leaving us in mental as well as physical turmoil. We pulled out the charts again and measured depth with a lead line. Plenty of depth for us, we concluded. The captain didn't know that our little sailboat draws only 12" and has a flat-bottomed box keel that allows us to explore shallow water and settle at low tide onto mud or sand. We had, in fact, gone aground the previous night on a sandy shore and slept peacefully throughout the process. Still, the tour boat captain's ominous warning rang in our minds and we realized the potential dangers of this rocky location, especially with the large waves we were experiencing.

## The Night the Boat Danced

By Sandy Nichols Ward  
Photos by Sandy Ward and Shemaya Laurel



Chart with arrow pointing to Hampton Harbor. We started in Salem Harbor (just off lower edge of the chart), spent two nights along the Annisquam River, Gloucester (bottom of chart), then sailed north past Plum Island. Portsmouth Harbor, where the trip eventually concluded, is at the top.



Captain Shemaya.

Sandy at the helm.



We consulted the Tide Tables and decided to stay awake until the tide turned. We wanted to watch what position we'd swing into and measure the depth there.

As the boat bobbed and danced we discussed our options. We could move further into the harbor, either by lowering our mast to go under the bridge or by requesting that the drawbridge open for us. We debated the idea of a more sheltered location vs the inconvenience of a delay in the morning. Suddenly a sharp crackle sounded to starboard! What was that? A flash of light on the shoreline and another crackle! People seemed to be setting off fireworks in two locations on the south shore. We divided our attention between watching for big waves on one side and amateur fireworks on the other. Then we heard the whoosh and whistle of a professionally-launched rocket. It rose high above the shore to our north. Beautiful fireworks entertained us for the next hour. Perhaps we were not in the right position for peaceful sleep but we definitely had a perfect position for viewing these fireworks. Wow! This delightful surprise kept us happy while we waited for the tide to change.

We have since learned that Hampton Beach puts on a fireworks display every Wednesday evening to attract tourists. No wonder there were so many tour boats heading out past our anchorage at the mouth of nearby Hampton Harbor as the sun set! They returned after the fireworks ended and we endured another series of big wakes, but at last the boat traffic subsided. We welcomed the chance to rest and not worry about the big waves.

Our boat, however, kept dancing. We became aware of other forces acting on the hull. The incoming tidal current was strong and turbulent as it rushed past us. Swells from the open ocean began to reach us as the tide rose over rocks near the harbor entrance. The rhythm of the dance changed from the intermittent rocking, rolling action caused by the boat wakes to more persistent, chaotic motion. We wiggled and jiggled in unaccustomed ways. We shuddered and shimmied. Held by the anchor line, we swooped and swayed in response to eddies in the current. It was quite a ride! We were fascinated by the complexities of the motions. Eventually the tide began to go out, pulling our boat around 180°. We measured the depth in our new position and decided it would be safe to stay there for the remainder of the night. Safe, yes, but restless, no! The dance of the boat continued for the next two hours. We could not sleep until the water level fell below the entrance rocks and our boat at last floated calmly at anchor. As planned, our alarm clock rang at 0400 and we prepared to leave the harbor before the next incoming tide. We weighed anchor at 0446, sailed quietly out past the buoys at the harbor entrance, and soon experienced a lovely sunrise. We had barely had three hours of sleep, not enough for the long day ahead but at that moment we savored the rose-colored sun and the light breeze helping us sail northward. We also marveled at the past night's events, the unexpected fireworks and the complexity of tidal currents, and decided to call it "the night the boat danced."

(Sandy Nichols Ward grew up in Danvers, Massachusetts, and remembers sailing (as crew and ballast) in her father's 16' Town Class sloop in Marblehead Harbor in the 1950s. In the summer of 2008 she returned to sailing at the invitation of her friend Shemaya Laurel. Both Sandy and Shemaya live in Holyoke, Massachusetts.)





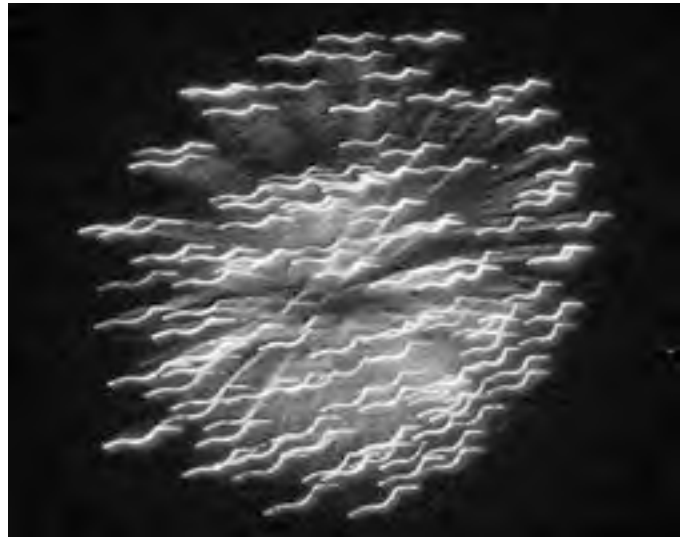
*Serenity* on Wingaersheek Beach, Gloucester, Massachusetts, at dawn with the tide rising.



Anchored in boat wakes, you only do this once.



The 15 easy miles!

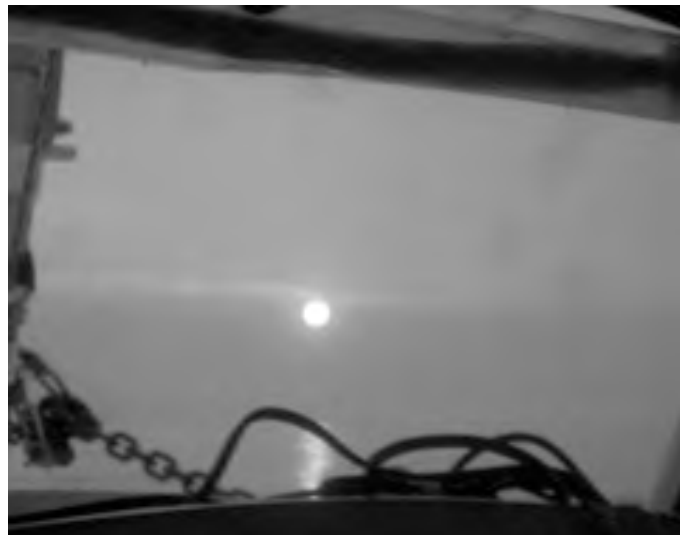


Fireworks over Hampton Beach, rippling as the camera moved with the boat.

Hampton Harbor entrance.



Sun rising over the wide Atlantic. Hoping for wind!



In 2008 the NOAA criteria for small craft warnings changed. On the Chesapeake Bay they have issued small craft warnings for winds 10-15kts gusting to 20kts. In the past warnings were posted if wind was forecast to be 18kts or greater. I use the Beaufort Wind Scale to interpret the wind. It relates to sailing designed for sailboats and sailing vessels. A wind forecast of Force 4 should not require small craft warnings, Force 5 would, and sailboats would reef sails. The least helpful forecast is the 5-10kts. This means the wind will be Force 2 or Force 3. One will have a nice sail in Force 3, especially in a small boat. Force 2 is not worth the effort to get out sailing but is good for kayak or canoe. Therefore, with a forecast of 5-10kts one can flip a coin, kayak or sail. When judging wind speeds remember the force of the wind increases by the square. The force of a 10kt wind will be four times that of a 5kt wind.

I kept my Rhodes 19 centerboard sloop on its trailer during part of August at Lewisetta Marina. I kept the mast up and rigged for quick launching. Lewisetta is on the Coan River near the Potomac River. In hot weather I like to sail in late afternoon around 4-8pm. We had some good sailing in a ten-day period out of Lewisetta. Three sails were in Force 3 wind and three sails in Force 4. The days we had Force 4 were all out of the southeast and NOAA had issued small craft warnings. In the last sail from Lewisetta we sailed to Sandy Point Marina on the Yeocomico River, tacking downwind with main and jib in Force 4 wind. I do not think the small craft warnings were justified, they appeared to keep sailors off the Potomac.

A good friend of mine, Walter, had a bad accident on his bicycle. Walter and I hike together in local woods. In warm weather we kind of do our separate activities, he biking and I sailing. He might go a few times in the kayak but for the most part Walter stays off the water. After his accident, resulting in a shoulder operation, his doctor told him he could ride but another bad accident would result in a disability. Walter decided to give up bike riding and take up sliding seat rowing, something he had never done. Although most of his life he either lived on the water or within walking

## My Boating Year

By Floyd Thompson

distance, he never really had done much boating. I encouraged him to take up rowing.

Walter researched different boats and sizes and he decided to get a wherry from Adirondack Guide Boat. It's their 16' Whitehall sliding seat design with carbon fiber oars. He had it delivered to my house in February, it came in a Volkswagen van with two 20-footers on top, Walter's wherry inside. The driver, from New York, said he can always get a few more on or in the van. The driver said the 20-footer with double sliding seats is more popular than the single 16-footer.

We tried the wherry out but Walter did not start training until warmer weather. I had some varnish work to do on my wooden canoe and paddles so I added some extra coats of varnish on his wherry rails. While he started out slow he finished fast. Walter started training in a very methodical way. He set up his course and his turning point was over a mile down Hampton Hall Creek on the Yeocomico River. He used a GPS to keep track of time and distance and speed similar to what he had done bike riding. I was surprised he improved so much during the season. At the end of the season his speed over his course was 4.5 knots. He says he gets more of a workout rowing than bike riding and enjoys it more.

Now he wants me to learn how to use the sliding seat. I have tried it a few times and it is hard to learn, it takes a lot of practice to do it right. Sometimes we put his wherry on my canoe trailer with my kayak in the back of the truck. We have gone to different places to row and paddle. I prefer a relaxing pace.

This year I took my canoe with the electric motor on longer day trips than I would take in the kayak. I set the electric motor on one side and use a 5' paddle on the other. The motor is on a little over half speed. I put it on a folding backrest cushion on the back canoe seat. I steer by paddling harder or easier and let the fixed motor turn the canoe as I do not steer with the motor. This is easy continuous

paddling, I can go up one of the creeks for four or five miles before turning around. The battery will last for the entire trip. I average about 2.5kts paddling and motoring.

A friend of mine traded some of his labor for a SeaPearl 21. It was old but little used with a wishbone rig. He encouraged me to sail it. The trailer was in poor condition and not legal. It was less than a half-mile to the ramp so at a slow speed I thought it would be OK. The sails were in good condition except for mice holes which we taped over with duct tape. I launched and raised both masts. I needed to paddle away from the dock against a light wind. With the sails rolled up and one paddle I could not keep the bow from falling off the wind. I took the mainmast down and rolled out the mizzen a little. Then I was able to paddle to the windward and get to a beach to put the mainmast up and sails rigged to the wishbones.

The wishbones are two pieces of teak. I stood next to the mast, hooked the ends of the wishbones together, rolled the sails out, and attached the clews to the ends of the wishbones. The last step pushed the wishbones out and secured the forward ends of the wishbones to the front of the mast with linch pins. I tacked out of the creek experimenting with the sails. It is easy to oversheet the sails. I adjusted the mizzen first then sheeted the main.

One day a friend and I put the SeaPearl on the R19 trailer and took it to Currioman Landing. Currioman Landing is on Currioman Bay which is separated from the Potomac River by a long narrow island. We sailed across the Potomac River and around the shallow water at the north end of the island. Currioman Landing was used by local watermen in the past. They tied their boats to stakes or pilings. Locust is the best wood for a stake. There is still one stake off from the pier, that I sometimes tie the R19 to for a few days.

Now in Virginia one can apply for a permit to put down a mooring piling. I think people now get a permit to put down a piling for an osprey nest. A piling or stake does have advantages over a mooring buoy, no maintenance, short scope, and very good in shallow water. The line wrapping around the stake is not as much of a problem as one might think.

My Rhodes 19 at rest in a marsh.



Trying out Walter's new wherry.





Comparing the Rhodes 19 and the SeaPearl there are a lot of differences. With its narrow beam, stepping into the SeaPearl from a dock can be dicey, one has to hold onto the mast. The R19, with more beam, does not require being as careful. The shallow cockpit of the SeaPearl is only suited for one person. The SeaPearl main cockpit is roomier. The R19 with its tall mast and 5' centerboard sails better to windward. The SeaPearl is better in shallow water.

The R19 will sail in shallow water but its drawback is its deeper wooden rudder. I keep the rudder's wing nut tight, if it hits bottom it will come up and stay up. To put it down I need to loosen the wing nut and push the rudder down, then tighten the wing nut. In the water I cannot get the rudder down as much as I would like. The SP metal rudder will come up and down by itself with no loss of speed.

I like to daysail without using the outboard whenever I can. In September the R19 was docked on Morratico Creek on the Rappahannock River. My wife, Francie, always a good mate, offered to help shuttle the truck and boat trailer to Carter Wharf about 20 miles up the Rappahannock from Morratico

Creek. She then dropped a friend and I off at the boat. The wind was east Force 4. The trip would be to the northwest. We left the dock under sail and once in the Rappahannock River put the asymmetrical spinnaker up. After passing Cat Point Creek we lowered the spinnaker and raised the jib.

A bit of history, Cat Point Creek got its name during Colonial Days. Vessels headed up the river to Fredericksburg, Virginia, would prepare anchors for kedging after passing Cat Point Creek. On the return from Fredericksburg anchors would be put on the cat head.

Late afternoon the wind decreased and the current turned against us. About 200 yards from Carter Wharf the wind died out. I got my 5' canoe paddle and battled the current to the wharf. It felt good to stretch muscles on the last push to the wharf. With 150' cliffs on the right and marshes on the left, no boats or houses for miles, it was as good as it gets!

This year I have been reading a few books on global warming. The best book on global warming I have read is *6 Degrees* by Mark Lynas. I have been wondering how this is going to affect local sailing on the Chesapeake Bay. Will we have less rain more wind

or vice versa? I did have one sail this year that got my attention about global warming. I had the R19 at Fleeton. The wind forecast was for south Force 3 increasing to Force 4 in the afternoon. I planned to sail south and turn around with the flood tide. I motored out of Cockrell Creek with south Force 2 and continued to motor waiting for the wind to increase. Off Dameron Marsh the wind increased to Force 3 and I raised sail. The air was filled with smoke from the Dismal Swamp Fire over 70 miles away. Off Bluff Point the wind increase to Force 4 and there was more smoke. I reefed the main and sailed to the mouth of Indian Creek.

After turning back to sail to the north I unreefed the mainsail. I sailed back to Fleeton with 16kts of wind with the current and 2' waves at 6-7kts boat speed. I was alone as Francie could not make it this day. When I sail with a crew member I let them have as much time on the tiller as they want. When alone there is more time for contemplation and awareness of conditions. Sailing fast with the wind and smoke it made me feel like I was trying to outrun the smoke from the Dismal Swamp Fire but knew I could not.

Cowes still retains its heritage of the sea with shipyards, sail lofts, and chandlers that date their beginnings from the 17th and 18th centuries. It was in one of these shipyards that I, as one of the "nobs" or "them up in the office" as Des Sleighthohne prefers to call 'em, sat with the management staff around the big Wardroom table after lunch, that I heard this story.

The Wardroom waitress had just gathered up the dirty luncheon dishes from the long wooden sideboard under the tall dining room windows. A small, stocky woman who believed in masking the efforts of her daily toil with eau de cologne, she spent most of her 65 years serving the Yard's senior management. She tottered a bit before getting underway with the heavy tray, like a sailing vessel hit by a sudden squall, but to the relief of all the diners, her bandannaed, almost-bald head righted itself and safely disappeared through the heavy oak door to the kitchen.

The Yard Managing Director, of medium height with a prominent nose and piercing blue eyes, sat slumped like a beached whale in his armchair at the head of the long mahogany dining table where Yard Managing Directors had sat for generations. With his gray head cradled in his right hand, like one of his ships on the building ways, and his eyes half closed, he seemed burdened with the cares of the day. For the present, at least, he chose to abdicate his role as leader of the post-luncheon conversation. His staff, at this point, was too busy passing the plates of after-lunch cheese and biscuits to challenge his mood with the usual idle chitchat about the weather, politics, or the good old days.

Unlike the others the Sales Manager was not a cheese eater. He had already lit his after-lunch pipe, but not without first spilling a thick layer of Vesuvius-like ash on the white linen table cloth. A flush-faced Yorkshire man and great talker, he was uncomfortable, like the others, in the present calm-like silence.

## A Lifetime on the Water Part II

### Basket Bottom: A True Story

He slowly rocked his heavyset body back and forth in his chair, like a sailor trying to free his grounded vessel, in anticipation of the moment when he felt he could speak again.

"British shipyards are different today than what we were used to, eh gentlemen?" the MD broke the long silence at last.

Nods of agreement swept round the table like the quickly veering southwest wind outside the windows.

"Member of' Basket Bottom?" the Sales Manager said, given his opportunity to speak.

Sensing a story, I butted in, "how did he get that horrible name?"

The Sales Manager, with a burst of pipe ash on the tablecloth while inching forward on his chair, was given an opportunity that didn't come his way too often.

"Well, back in the Great War he was stationed on a mine sweeper in the Channel. One day in a heavy squall, like the Channel often produces in the winter time, a mine got loose from his gear and exploded beneath him. After months in the 'ospital and much deliberation by Navy doctors, he was released with a copper basket for a bottom.

"Old Sam White, great-great grandson of the original, felt something should be done for the disabled sailors of the war. Among

those that the Company hired for jobs in the office was Basket Bottom as a 'Drafting Assistant.' He brought his temper and naval rating with him, much to the regret of the young draftsmen (whether you ended up as an engineer or a foreman on the shop floor at White's, you began in the Drafting office).

"Being on time returning to your table after lunch was one of Basket Bottom's requirements. One day when I was a little tardy returning," the Sales Manager went on, "I put on a little burst of speed when I saw the glaring visage at my board and slid right under the table head and hands in front of me and feet stuck out behind. 'Who do you think you are? Tom Mix in some cowboy flick?' Basket Bottom shouted, looking down at me, his eyes straining in their sockets to be released."

The grey-haired staff nodded in agreement. They had all encountered old Basket Bottom in the Drafting office one time or another.

"After hours Basket Bottom used to frequent the neighboring Gurnard Pub along with many of White's employees. He was an amorous fellow after hours who was particularly interested in a buxom barmaid by the name of Mary. This night he pursued her relentlessly, even into the kitchen just off the bar room. Suddenly the patrons heard a scream from within and then the kitchen door was flung open by the half-clothed body of our employee with his metal appendage swinging from side to side like the East Lepe Bell Buoy in a storm with Mary in hot pursuit screaming, 'Not like that, you don't, ya bloody queer!'"

"Mary pursued her quarry twice around the bar room and then out the door into the night, much to the delight and laughter of White's patrons.

"It was a 'shämē 'thāt 'all' of this had to happen on a Saturday night for the event became the conversation of Cowes church members the following morning. Basket Bottom was dismissed within the week."

I went down and applied for Social Security the other day. Then I came home and told my wife that, at my age, I'm just not going to be satisfied with only once a day any more. I was thinking mornings would be a nice addition. Maybe some of those all-nighters would be good, too. I told her that I just couldn't seem to get enough any more.

She said she'd miss me.

Actually, I'm not sure if she really took me seriously. She just doesn't think sailing should be that important. And I often agree with her. I tell her that I don't think sailing is really a matter of life or death. No. It's really much more important than that.

Perhaps you've had a similar conversation.

When I was a kid, growing up in eastern Washington, far from the ocean and surrounded by a land in the clutch of a chilly fall, dreary winter, and a tardy spring, I had this idea. Absolute bliss would be to be able to mess with boats all the time. Yeah. All the time. Not just for a week or so in the summer. Not just now and then. But all the time.

I can't say that it was ever a real plan. Just a vague notion of perfection. Sort of a birthday wish or something. Somehow I got my wish. Yep. I get to go sailing every day of the year if I want. I can even go rowing when I get done sailing if I want. And when I do honey dos they are more often than not boat jobs, too. That's because we live on a boat. I've been told that I'm living everyman's dream. I think it's true.

For just a moment, consider this. We live on a powerboat in the southwestern-most marina in the continental US. You know, with those "frigid" 65° winter days to endure. Just down the dock sits my 32-year-old Ranger 26,

## Boats Really Don't Make Sense

### So, How Much is Enough?

*Plum Duff.* I can be underway in less than five minutes and routinely sail back into the slip without even starting the motor. In the parking lot sits Big Olie, my ¾-ton Chevy van who stands ready to go and get *Lady Bug* out of her storage lot and take the pocket cruiser and me to any body of water, salt or fresh, that we take a hankerin' for. And just in case of emergency there are a couple of kayaks and sailing dinks scattered about close at hand. About the only thing missing at the moment, is a snazzy little motor boat. But even those tend to join the fleet from time to time. Nope, once a day on the water just ain't enough.

What's all this got to do with anything? Well, maybe quite a lot.

Lots of guys would jump at the chance to live on the water, work on the water, play on the water. Lots of guys. Or so I've heard. And read. How about if I told you that just before Thanksgiving I managed to log about 75 nautical miles under sail. In short sleeves and short pants. Yeah, in November.

How about if I told you, "Just give me a call. I'll meet you at the gate. I can have the main up and the engine idling so we can shove off the minute you get here. I can have

you back any time you need to be. Sure, we can stay out overnight if you want."

How about if I told you that *Plum Duff* and I have been over 6,000 nautical miles of Southern California's coastlines and bays in just the past four years? But here's the deal. Most of those miles were on an all-but-empty bay. Lots and lots of those miles we were the only boat in sight. I'm not actually complaining. Being the only boat out on a moonlit night can really have its advantages. A guy can go below for a cup of coffee without worrying about hitting somebody else, for example.

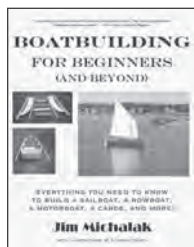
It just seems like there should be lots and lots of other folks who would think this sort of "perfection" is the sort of thing they might want to experience. At least that's what I take away from lots of the stories in this magazine. The idea that just now and then, like from June to September, minus the rainy weekends, for example, just isn't enough.

So here I am, living in the nation's sixth largest metropolitan area. Everybody comes here for "the bay, the beaches, and the weather." There are something like 10,000 boats registered around here. But it's almost certain that if I head up the channel and across the flats an hour or two after sundown, there won't be any running lights to greet me. You know, if I just cast off and head out for "no particular reason." Just doing what sailors do. Or so they say.

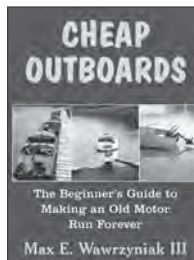
Do you suppose that everybody's just spoiled here? If maybe they had to get their whole year's sailing in during what turns out to be not all that many days, they'd make better use of the time? Or am I the only one who thinks "sailing, it's much more important than simply life or death?"

So give me a call. I'll meet you at the gate. We can shove off any time you like.

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**June 6, 2004: Salt Ponds Marina, Hampton VA:** It is hard to believe but finally we can cruise again. We leave tomorrow. Where are we going? We have no plan, just wherever we head when we leave the marina tomorrow. Of course we have a destination, in this case Baltimore Inner Harbor. In 15 years we have never actually reached a destination and even worry that it might be bad luck to actually succeed. The weather for tomorrow looks great. What could possibly go wrong?

**June 7, 2004: Sarah Creek, York River:** We left late. The few small things that we left for today turned out to be not so few and not quite so small. So we left at 10:30 instead of 8:30. Just as well as it turned out. The promised south wind at 5kts left us the options of going cross bay to Kiptopeake or north to wherever. The 90° counterclockwise shift from south which greeted us, in reality, said, "go north, young man," and the 10kt increase in across the bay wind speed said, "and by the way don't enjoy it." Alas, we had the next to last laugh. With plenty of time to spare we decided to turn into the York River and anchor in Sarah Creek for the night. Halfway up the York River to Sarah Creek the wind died.

**June 8, 2004: Jackson Creek. Piankatank River:** Last night we listened to the end of the audible book *Paranoia* and were entertained by dozens of rays engaged in what appeared to be the Olympic sport of synchronized swimming. Much acrobatics! I guess in the spring even the thoughts of rays turn to thoughts of love. We probably would have spent another day at anchor in beautiful Sarah Creek except they were building another retaining wall nearby and the constant crash of tumbling stones drove us away.

We decided to leave for the Piankatank and slipped anchor at 9:20. On the way out of the York River we were treated to a sight we have never seen before, tens, probably hundreds, of porpoises/dolphins. When I was young I used to hunt crows with a shotgun. I was always told that no matter how big and dense the "flock" (actually "murder") you have to aim at the individual. I never did and I never downed a crow (thankfully). The same was true this morning. I knew that these were not the typical bottle-nose dolphins. Instead of concentrating on an individual I was distracted by the many and all I can say is that they were about 5' long with distinct white tips and leading edges on their fins. I have seen harbor porpoises, spotted dolphins, and bottle-nosed dolphins (as well as killer whales and pilot whales) and these were different.

The only other thing of note on the trip was that our state-of-the-art, super special autohelm, which replaced our run-of-the-mill previous autohelm which always worked, didn't work. Damn!

Oh yes, the bay was flat calm all day until we arrived at the difficult entrance to Jackson Creek and then it blew like hell, but we understand that this is SOP.

**June 9, 2004: The Tides, Carter Creek, Rappahannock River:** Having no more ice and an overabundant supply of trash, we decided to head for a marina.

The Rappahannock River bridge is 110' high but no matter how high the bridge it always looks like you are not going to clear it.

A martini without ice is clearly uncivilized. We had been to the Tides Lodge/Tides Inn (now merged into The Tides) before and knew it to be a plush resort. This was important because that meant that every slip had a

## Waterlogged

### Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

#### Part 8

#### Six Weeks on the Chesapeake 2004

By Carl Adler

phone. I had already exhausted almost all our cell phone's minutes on hold waiting to talk to tech support at Ray Marine about our super special AutoHelm and now I could work on using up our Sam's phone card.

The rather short trip from Jackson Creek to Carter Creek on the Rappahannock was, for the most part, uneventful. As has happened many times before we spent a lot of time dodging the Menhaden boats that operate in this area. There movements are sometimes fast and always unpredictable.

But that was not the real thrill. At one point Kay shouted, "Look at all those pelicans." I grabbed my camera, turned, and froze just as Kay said, "They are not pelicans." What we saw was like the scene in the movie *The Edge* as the plane rounds the mountain edge and finds itself facing a large flock of Canada geese head on. That is exactly what we confronted, a large flock of geese, in formation, 2' above the water surface, coming directly at us. They missed (barely), which in its own way was a shame. We could have gone down in the record books as the only sailboat ever sunk by a flock of geese!

Entering Carter Creek we called The Tides on the VHF. They told us to come straight on towards the bow of the 127' *Miss Ann*, go around it, and move into the seventh slip. Clear enough, though it would have been nice if they had mentioned that between point A (our location) and point B (the bow) there was an unmarked sandbar. Being very experienced at running aground we extricated ourselves, navigated around the bar, then the bow and into the seventh slip.

As a first order of business I called Ray Marine using my Sam's card. When I initially connected I had 280 minutes left. When I finally got off the phone I had 170!

The actual conversation took about two minutes and went something like this:

Me: I have a problem with my autohelm.

RM: What problem?

Me: It holds the course for about 30 seconds and then starts to swing left and right in ever increasing arcs.

RM: You must have a Hunter or Catalina.

Me: (dumfounded) Er, yes.

RM: How many turns lock to lock on your wheel?

Me: Well I am not sure, my wife does all the steering, but I would guess 1.5 (Kay tells me that it is 1.25).

RM: That is what I thought. The autohelm 4000 is set up to work with a wheel which has 3.5 turns.

Me: " " (speechless).

RM: You need the Catalina Cocktail (I need a cocktail alright, but not a Catalina Cocktail).

It turns out that this autohelm has a dealer set-up screen with a dozen or so parameters,

each with a wide range of choices. The Catalina Cocktail is a particular set of numbers to use for some of these. It turns out that by pure happenstance I had arbitrarily changed one of these, rudder gain, from its default value of 5 to the Catalina Cocktail value of 2 and that did help a little. So maybe ...

**June 11, 2004: Carter Creek, Rappahannock River:** The Tides is a special place. They have a limited number of slips as it is mainly a golf resort. Guests here compare it to the Greenbriar in West Virginia. When we called for a slip we were told that we would be in Slip 763. We were puzzled as there are probably only 30 slips. The slips are treated as hotel rooms and we are in Room 763. Which is why we have a phone, cable TV, and free ice. The Tides is isolated, so if you are on a boat you are pretty much limited to your galley or one of the three restaurants.

The restaurants range from moderately expensive to I will never know because a coat and tie is required. We chose the informal restaurant for the first night and it was one of the most formal I have ever seen, complete with a piano player. Kay had Dragon Crabs (\$25) featuring two large soft shell crabs covered with five different chili peppers and Thai powder. Great. I had a dozen oysters on the half shell for \$14. The next day we picked the restaurant associated with the swimming pool. I am glad we did because I learned something very valuable. I ordered a Hebrew National Hot Dog for \$7 as it was the cheapest thing on the menu and I love hot dogs. It was served with french fries and when I requested vinegar for the fries the waitress told me to use vinegar and Old Bay Seasoning on the fries. Sensational.

**June 12, 2004: Mill Creek, Great Wicomico River:** We left The Tides and beautiful Carter Creek this morning.

Kay says she woke up during the night, worried about getting us out of the slip (I slept peacefully).

I don't know why she worries about it, she has been getting out of slips without a mistake for almost 15 years. (Kay says I have to remove the preceding as it is "a sure curse." Consider it removed.) At times very difficult ones. Sometimes to applause and once at Oriental on the VHF to "way to go lady." But as I said I slept well. BTW, Kay tells me that she had recently read that there is a group of men in Oriental that get together each morning for coffee and to rate the efforts of boaters in extracting themselves from the slips at the Oriental Marina. I guess she got an "A."

The only times she has had a problem was twice getting into a slip, neither her fault, and one of those was because of an idiot, not her husband (total damage \$9). It has been my experience that all boaters would rather do \$2,000 of damage to their car at a stop sign accident than \$5 to their boat with onlookers at a marina. Oh yes, I love to watch people trying to get out of slips under difficult wind and tide conditions. It almost like a dance. Untie this line here and put a new line there and now. "Damn that won't work." Retire the first line and untie the new line. Try a new line. That does not help either. Sometimes this can provide an hour of entertainment.

We had hoped that as SOP the weather forecast for today would be wrong, 10-15 from the NE as that would be our direction. But Murphy's Law trumped SOP and we crashed and banged all day. Add to this a faster than usual outgoing tidal flow and today was not one of

our better days. However, the ending could not have been better. Two words: Mill Creek. The best anchorage we have ever used.

Positive side: Deep water shore to shore. Wide. More a small lake than a creek. High, mostly wooded banks. Room for 100 boats. Never more than a few boats ever (because of the circuitous and difficult entrance).

Negative side: See parenthetical comment above. Some poor soul even followed us in assuming we knew what we were doing.

**June 13, 2004 : Mill Creek, Great Wicomico River:** Yes, we are still here. Hard place to leave. BTW, the Catalina Cocktail worked to perfection!

Our previously unnamed autopilot will now be christened with its own name in the spirit of "Denny Diesel," "George Garmin I and II," etc, rather than that piece of equipment "whose name we won't speak."

Just talked to the Honeycuts who were departing from Salt Ponds and heading north. They will catch up to us at the Solomons in a couple of days.

Listening to the NOAA weather radio earlier today we heard that there was an emergency closing of much of the southern Atlantic to shrimp fishing effective immediately until July 7. This was to protect sea turtles. Which called to mind that on the trip up here yesterday we passed a dead sea turtle (I am pretty sure that it was a loggerhead turtle). I have not previously seen a sea turtle alive or dead in the Bay. But since they are common in the ocean south of Cape Hatteras I assume they can easily be here as well.

Strangely the dead turtle was surrounded by several Wilson Storm Petrels. That is strange because they are an open ocean bird that are not shown as straying into inland waters.

Overheard (some years ago) on the VHF:

Boat in distress: "Mayday, Mayday, This is the power vessel *Stormy Petrel*, we have lost our propeller shaft and we are sinking."

Coast Guard: "To the boat in distress, sir, do I understand that you have run out of gas?"

**June 14, 2004: Mill Creek, Great Wicomico River:** Yes! We are still here. Anchored about 50' from where we were anchored two days ago. Last night we entertained ourselves by watching others trying to anchor. It brought back fond memories of all the times we have had difficulties in anchoring. Like when you put the anchor down and inexplicably the boat drifts upwind over the anchor. One boat came in and had a very unusual anchoring technique. When we anchor we head into the wind (or current if it predominates), slow the boat to zero, and drop the anchor. We play out line while drifting back (hopefully) until the anchor catches (again, hopefully), then fix the line and back down hard.

Our new neighbors had a completely different technique. When they got to where they wanted to anchor, they would start backing rapidly and then throw out the anchor. Since they were using a fluke type of anchor which tends to plane and/or bounce over the bottom at speed, this took many tries on their part. But once anchored they were really anchored (as opposed to us, as it turned out). Their boat had an unusual and probably unique name, *Love on the Rocks*.

Well, fair is fair, today we entertained them. I was sitting in the cabin and happened to notice that we were in the shade of a tree. Since the nearest tree was 500' away this seemed implausible. But not to worry, I had the anchor alarm set on the GPS. Alas, the GPS stared at me blackly. It had turned itself off!

Yikes, we had dragged 500', right up to shore.

We were lucky in two ways. The anchor had reset itself and though we were within 50' of the shore the water was still 10' deep. Now what? Well, one choice was to do nothing since we seemed to be well anchored again. I certainly did not relish the idea of trying to get the anchor up in winds gusting to 25kts. NOAA had promised winds for today from the SW at 10-20. They got the SW part right.

Since I was not comfortable being anchored within 50' of a lee shore, we pulled anchor and moved back to where all the fun had started.

Yesterday evening we learned that our friends on the Morgan 38, *Renaissance*, had made great progress and expected to reach Mill Creek by early afternoon today. So we stayed to wait for them (thankfully, given the magnitude of the NOAA error). Better yet, we learned this morning that they were bringing us ice. So maybe we will spend yet another day.

**June 15, 2004: Mill Creek, Great Wicomico River:** The Honeycuts arrived about 1:30 yesterday. We tried to raft up but the gusty winds made it impossible. They anchored nearby and dinghied over for an extended "happy hour." We have been cruising with them for over 15 years and were very glad to get together again. Tomorrow we both leave for the Solomons. In our case it is a necessity, we are about out of water, food, ice, and booze. Horrors.

**June 16, 2004: Spring Cove Marina, The Solomons, MD:** We moved. It took seven-and-a-half hours to reach The Solomons and for the most part the trip was uneventful. We spent much of it in the rain, a welcome alternative to the sun. There was little wind (5kts from the south), which was behind us, so we motored all the way. When we reached the Patuxent River and then approached The Solomons several thunderstorms sprung up in welcome. They did not appear to be severe on the radar and should not have been, in any case, since the whole day had been overcast. Nonetheless, it convinced us to skip the fuel dock and go directly into the slip. So today I haul fuel to the boat.

I guess it had to happen. Definitely predictable! Two slips down from us there is a powerboat, its name is [www.el.com/aboard](http://www.el.com/aboard) in big letters across the entire transom. I hope that I am on the radio when he or she tries to call the Coast Guard. It should be hilarious, especially the "dot" part.

**June 18, 2004: Spring Cove Marina, The Solomons, MD:** We are enjoying Spring Cove. It is a park-like marina with a great location. Within easy walking distance there is a gourmet grocery store, a liquor store, and a West Marine store. Not to even mention a hair place where I got a shave and a haircut for \$10.

I tried this URL with and without the "aboard" on June 18 and it did not exist. It was pointed out to me yesterday (7/21/04) that it now exists (without the "aboard"). In my last letter I mentioned a boat named [www.el.com/aboard](http://www.el.com/aboard).

Some of you checked and discovered that it was not a valid URL. I did the same. When I mentioned this to my wife she looked at me as if she had just realized she had married an idiot 40 years ago, and said, "the name of the boat is *Welcome Aboard*. DUH!

OK, pretty clever. If the URL is still available when I get back to Greenville I will buy it.

We, like the rest of you, have been subjected to intense heat. The other day it was 92° outside and with the air conditioner running full blast it was 97° in the boat. A light bulb clicked on in my head, "Maybe the air conditioner isn't working correctly?" Much to my surprise the mechanics associated with the Spring Cove Boatyard agreed to work on it that day (yesterday) and today it is doing just fine. It turns out that it helps if you have Freon in the air conditioner.

**June 19, 2004: Dun Cove, Harris Creek, Choptank River, Eastern Shore MD:** We left at 8:45 to head north with promised NW winds which, of course, turned out to be from due north. Fifteen knots on our nose the whole day. Not a lot of fun. We are rafted up with the Honeycuts with their boat playing host.

We have been on the bay for 14 days and only three of those days featured north winds. We have been actually travelling on the water on only four days. On three of those days the wind was from the north.

Overheard on the VHF:

Coast Guard Eastern Shore: "The Coast Guard has received reports of a distressed sunken vessel. Would the vessel in distress please contact the Coast Guard."

**June 20, 2004: Dun Cove, Harris Creek, Choptank River, Eastern Shore MD:** This is a beautiful anchorage and probably a dozen boats discovered it last night. As happened last time we were here, there are swans here. Since we have been here this time they have not gotten close enough to be sure, but by the way they carry their heads they appear to be Whistling Swans. They are migratory birds spending summers in the northern tundra. So I am a little surprised that they are still here. I guess that not all migrate. During the winter they occupy the coast from southern New England to Georgia. The other type of swan seen here is the Eurasian immigrant Mute Swan which, in addition, to the Great Lakes area, occupy the coast from New England to southern Virginia year around. I understand that its presence here is quite controversial as it is an introduced species and very destructive to bay vegetation. It is a very graceful swan which carries its neck in an "S" shape.

Last night featured a beautiful sunset coupled with a moon rise which inspired me to say, "I wish I could do more than paint by the numbers." To which my wife replied, "Not to worry, honey, you can't even paint by the numbers."

The weather radio called for small craft warnings to be needed during the night. We have a rule on board that we can't go to bed before 9:30 which frequently means that we go to bed at 9:30, and after a long and uncomfortable day that is what we did. About 11:00 the winds started and by 1:00 they had built sufficiently that I got up and stayed up until 3:00. When we anchor I mark the range and bearing to the boat which, of course, are initially both zero. Watching them during the night allows me to know if we are dragging or simply swinging at anchor. During the early morning hours we pretty much stayed in place. When I arose at 5:30 the winds had shifted to the NE and we had moved and/or swung to about 120' from our initial location but seemed to be holding. The early morning clouds were mainly cirrus of the type usually described as "Mares Tails." With a steady NE wind that usually means rain within 20 to 30 hours. Fortunately the sky soon cleared



and the wind moved more to the north so we probably can expect good weather for the next couple of days.

**June 21, 2004:** We leave this morning for Oxford, one of the top ten sailing sites in the US (according to *Sail Magazine*). Yesterday we took a dinghy ride and I finally was able to get a close look at the swans. They are Mute Swans (orange beaks) and not Whistling Swans (black beaks). Between our present location and Oxford we must pass through Green 5 and Red 4 on Harris Creek. The last time we tried this we were treated to one of our worse groundings. I think it was a 1997 trip but am not sure because I do not have any sort of an internet connection now to check ([carladler.org/waterlogged/](http://carladler.org/waterlogged/)). Whatever year it was, the event was memorable. To help float the boat I left *Spindrift* and got into our dinghy which trails behind *Spindrift*. That allowed *Spindrift* to float higher and Kay motored off at speed trapping me in the dinghy. Kay later claimed that she forgot that I was in the dinghy.

**June 21, 2004: The Hinkley Company, Oxford, Tred Avon River, Eastern Shore MD:** Well, we got by the dreaded 4 and 5 Harris Creek markers without misadventure. After that it was a couple of miles out to main river channel, then about five nautical miles up the Choptank to the Tred Avon and then a couple of more miles to Town Creek at Oxford.

We thought we were making slip reservations at Crockett Bros and were somewhat alarmed when we learned that it was now owned by Hinkley Yachts, makers of fabulous and extremely expensive boats. I was really alarmed at check-in when the dock master appeared to record the daily slip rental as \$379.99. Not to fear, it turned out to be only \$50 after a 25% discount for Boat US members and no charge for electricity. The best we have seen so far.

Cell phone coverage is much better than at Dun Cove but still pretty bad. I have not been able to use pocketmail and the cell phone to check my email for days. Of course, I could use a pay phone to do it but, alas, no pay phones. Most marinas that we have been to have a phone line you can use to make an internet connection, but sadly, not here.

Oxford is a pretty little city in an exquisite setting. It has many beautifully landscaped homes. The only city I have seen to compare to it is Niagara on the Lake in Ontario, Canada. Probably the best known restaurant here is the Robert Morris Inn, originally constructed in 1710 and supposedly where James Michener wrote his outline for the novel *Chesapeake*. The only novel I have read twice and will read three times.

Unlike previous trips which were always working vacations for me, this is more a "Jimmy Buffet" trip for me. I have not done a single bit of work since we started. That is the longest I have gone without working since my honeymoon over 40 years ago. (Just to show that our lifestyle has not changed much in 40 years, our honeymoon was on Isle Royale National Park, a small island in Lake Superior inhabited by wolves, moose, and semi-strange people like us.)

**June 23, 2004: Whitehall Bay, Annapolis MD:** We are traveling north so what is the direction of the wind? North!

Whoever said, "You can't change the direction of the wind, but you can change the set of your sails," had it wrong. We can change the direction of the wind by simply leaving the slip.

We slipped lines at 6:15 this morning and headed for the Rhode River south of Annapolis. This time there would be something different, rather than spending the extra hour-and-a-half to round Blackwalnut Point to enter the Chesapeake from the Choptank, we would use the Knapp Narrows shortcut. Since the word "narrows" when seen on a chart by me always reads "KEEP OUT," we have passed on using the narrows on earlier trips. This time I thought, "If other sailors can do it, Kay can do it." Besides, what could go wrong?

Getting into the Narrows from the Choptank was not a challenge and the Basculle bridge was a pleasant surprise. In the past when requesting a bridge opening, the response from the bridge tender is usually like, "Bring her up, captain, and I will open it when I get a chance." The last few words frequently sounding suspiciously like "when I damn well please." This time:

*Spindrift*: "Knapp Narrows Bridge, this is the sailing vessel *Spindrift* approaching you from the Choptank requesting an opening."

Bridge tender: "OK."

And he did. Never has that happened before.

We were warned that the exit into the Chesapeake could be tricky. We would need to be careful and lucky. We were neither and aground we went. This time I refused to get in the dinghy. Nonetheless, Kay got us off. The only problem was we were now headed back to the bridge. The channel here is 40' wide and we are 33' long so turning around is no mean feat. Kay looked at me and asked if this was a good place to try it. I looked briefly at the sky, said a quick prayer to St Anthony, the patron saint of lost causes, and answered, "Not a problem." Thanks again, Tony.

The rest of the trip was uneventful. Although we had a headwind it never was very strong and we got to the Rhode River at 10:30, which was much too early to stop. So we went on to Whitehall Bay just above and forming part of the entrance to Annapolis. We reached it early enough to have lunch at anchor, a rare treat. The treat for me turned out to be hard-boiled eggs, chicken wings, and pickled herring.

**June 23, 2004:** We heard from the Honeycuts. They left Oxford three hours after we did, heading south and arrived at the Solomons around 2:00. BTW, Kay tells me I picked the wrong dude. St Anthony is the patron saint of "lost things" whereas St Jude is the patron saint of "hopeless causes." Somebody better tell (choose one).

a) George Bush

b) John Kerry

c) Ralph Nader

about St Jude.

**June 25, 2004: Piney Narrows Yacht Haven, Kent Narrows, Chester River, Eastern Shore:** We crossed the Bay to Kent Island yesterday to visit a friend, Tom Dove, and see the island. Our intention was to stop at Castle Harbor Marina near his home. Castle Harbor Marina was full so a change in plans was called for. Not to worry, there was another marina with slips available at (or in) Kent "Narrows." There is that word again, "narrows." I don't like narrows. I am big into wides!

Kent Narrows connects the Eastern Bay with the Chester River and as such is heavily traveled. Consequently, they replaced the lift bridge with a high bridge. However, as is the case elsewhere, local politics interfered and now you have a low bridge and high bridge side by side. The low bridge opens every half hour from roughly sun-up to sundown during

the season. Come after hours and you are out of luck, and I really mean big time out of luck as the tidal flow is tremendous. I have seen nothing like it except in the Niagara River just above the Falls. It makes the infamous Taylor Creek off Beaufort, North Carolina, look like a pond. Right near the bridge there was much turbulence and even whirlpools during maximum tidal flow. Kay said it looked like a scene from a white water rafting movie.

Anyway, we skillfully timed our arrival at Piney Narrows Marina (located at the bridge) for maximum tidal flow. (Of course, we knew nothing about what that would entail.) To make matters worse there were a half dozen big boats milling around waiting for the next bridge opening, severely limiting our options for maneuvering into the fuel dock. We found ourselves heading right towards the dock at maximum speed with a 3-4kt current behind us!

I thought "Holy Stuff, this is going to be a disaster!" (or words to that affect).

Kay made a perfect landing without even a bump. The only problem was the guy securing the bow rope could not get back to the stern fast enough to catch the stern line as the current swept our stern around. Again, by using the engine we landed now backwards with nary a bump to the boat but major blows to our egos.

The funny thing is that we were now at the end of the fuel dock and in a much better position to get off after fueling. If someone watching had not seen the aborted throw of the stern rope they would have assumed we had just made the most skillful docking maneuver ever.

**June 26, 2004:** As soon as we near high tide (and low tidal flow) we will leave for the Magothy River where my cousin, Bill Adler, has a home. After a visit we will rent a car and return home for a couple of days in order to restock our medicines and pick up the mail. On our return to the upper bay we will head further north. Since we are dangerously close to reaching our destination, Baltimore's Inner Harbor, we have decided to officially change our destination. Our new destination is Mystic, Connecticut.

Kent Island is very nice. I am most impressed with the cross island trail, a black-topped 8' wide trail that in its five plus miles crosses the island. It wanders through woods and over waters and is an extremely pleasant to walk. I will miss it.

**June 26, 2004: Cypress Creek, Magothy River, Western Shore:** It all started when Kay forgot to put on her lucky hat. When entering and leaving slips Kay always has her "Sperry Star III" hat on. That is the only time she ever wears a hat and as long as that hat is on her head everything goes magically correct. She forgot. The future boded evil.

We went to depart the slip. Not particularly easy as there was a cross wind and little backing room, but we planned it carefully, released all the lines, and started backing. Something went wrong. Where did that extra yellow rope come from? That's no yellow rope, that is the power cord!

Why didn't you unplug it? Me? This produced a polite interchange of opinions.

We eventually extricated ourselves from the slip, exited to the narrows, and headed for the Chester River. Leaving the narrows for the Chester we were followed by five powerboats whose operators had a collective IQ of 10 (I am being generous here). They all came up on a plane and proceeded to charge by us

10' away, creating huge wakes. The way to handle huge wakes is to turn into them at an angle. This was not possible with one boat upon the other. I tried hand signals but to no avail (well, actually a single hand signal). The only satisfaction we had was the certain knowledge that they were using more fuel in one minute than we would use all day.

Coming out the Chester we were headed north and the wind... prepare yourself for a shock... was from the north. But once we cleared Kent Island we would head west and we could sail. (Remember the hat.) We cleared Kent and put up the sails and the wind immediately died to dead zero. After an hour of sloshing, down came the sails and off we went to the Magothy. Upon reaching the Magothy the wind came up like a banshee.

My cousin Bill and his wife Rebecca passed us heading out to test their newly repaired jib sail on their 105 J-Boat. No problem, the dock I was to use was one dock before the first Boston Whaler on a lift on the creek. (Remember the Albatross, oops, I mean hat.) It didn't look right but in we went (after briefly running aground). I secured the line to the midship cleat and prepared to jump to the dock. (Remember the wind.) Several years ago someone told me that they saw a cleat untie itself. An obvious liar or a drunk. Well, I jumped off the boat, turned around, and saw the rope untie itself from the cleat. So I am holding a rope tied to nothing and Kay is on a rapidly receding boat. Leap. Made it. Tried again, same result. Finally we are tied up (third try). Guess what, wrong pier. What to do? Not a clue. We sit.

The Silent Man: " "

He was just standing there.

I said, "I bet you wonder why we are here?"

The Silent Man nods yes.

Me, "We are lost."

The Silent Man nods yes.

Me, "Do you know where William Adler lives?"

The Silent Man shakes no.

Me, "Can we stay here for awhile?"

The Silent Man raises arms heaven way and, holding that pose, walks off the dock.

Fortunately a neighbor saw our distress and directed us to the proper dock.

**July 1, 2004: North Point Marina, Rock Hall MD, Eastern Shore:** Hard aground again!

We left the Magothy this morning. We took three of the days during our five-day stay there to rent a car and return home to collect mail and update our prescription drugs. Our hosts, Bill and Rebecca, were most gracious and we greatly enjoyed our visit with them. While at their house we actually stayed in a slip next door owned by a yacht broker, Nancy Cann, and her husband.

Rock Hall is east of the Magothy River and, as the wind was from the south strangely enough, we could actually sail!

Of course, not all was well getting the sails up, it never is, and we plan to make changes while here to ease our problems.

We had a pleasant sail across the bay at about 5kts until we reached the eastern shore where the wind dropped and so also our speed (to less than 2kts). Down came the sails and we headed into Rock Hall. For some reason I can take a coil of rope and turn it into a pile of spaghetti. Consequently, I took over the steering and Kay went to get the lines ready for docking. I was approaching green #1 with it on my port (as it should be) but concentrating on how I was to go through the

breakwater after passing between #4 and #5. As a result I drifted to port, putting #1 on my starboard. Fortunately Kay returned, asked if I was dyslexic, and corrected the error. However, it put us entering the channel on the wrong side; that is, the port or left side. Not a problem, or so we thought because everyone coming out was also on the wrong side, the side we should have been on. Should have been a clue.

I should mention that at this point the wind came up behind us at around 15kts. As we found out later the port side of the channel had shoaled courtesy of Hurricane Isabel. We hit ground and every effort to power off resulted, because of the wind and waves, in moving us into shallower water. Ouch!

Given our penchant for going aground we carry unlimited towing insurance with Towboat US, and for the first time I thought we would have to call them. In desperation I did sort of a belly flop off the back of the boat into the swinging dinghy. The extra freeboard coupled with a well-timed powerboat wake allowed Kay to break loose at last. This time she actually slowed down so I could pull the dinghy close enough to reboard *Spindrift*.

We entered Rock Harbor and made an immediate left turn into North Point Marina where we had reservations for the July 4th weekend. We were directed to Slip 67 in D dock. The slip was big enough for a boat twice our size. That might sound like an ideal situation, but in a cross wind it can make tying up very difficult. Recall that we had the wind behind us and we made a left turn and hence now had a cross wind. Darn!

The slip was so wide and now the wind so strong that getting lines to the windward pilings was especially difficult. Complicating it further was the fact that the pilings were very high. Every effort to lasso them resulted in the wind blowing the rope back into our faces. Forty-five minutes later, with a deck hand on board and the dock master in our dinghy, we secured the boat. Time for a martini.

**July 3, 2004: Rock Hall** has a population of around 1,600 and even more sailboats than Oxford. Unlike Oxford it is a working town much like Ocracoke. There are many restaurants available including Waterman's Crab House rated by *Chesapeake Bay Magazine's* Best of the Bay survey the #1 family restaurant on the bay (#2 for steamed crabs and #3 for crab cakes). This and many attractions are spread out around town. Fortunately the Rock Hall trolley makes the rounds every hour. It cost \$3 to ride it and the fare is good for all day. However, the trolley runs on Rock Hall time and I have yet to figure out how to synchronize that with my watch's time.

**July 4, 2004: Rock Hall Rocks:** Both of us feel that this is the best place we have been on *Spindrift*. The people are very friendly and helpful. People out of the proverbial blue will ask us if we need a ride. Yesterday the owner of the liquor store had his wife drive us back to the marina. Today after church, while we waited for the trolley, a woman drives up and asks if we needed a ride. Similarly the people that work at the marina are unusually helpful and friendly. Very nice.

Most of the cars in the parking lot are not from Maryland but are from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. Also, there are lots of motorcycles, almost all of them Harleys, in and around Rock Hall. I have no idea why this is true other than this is a fun place to be.

Last night's celebration of the 4th of July almost defies description. There are sup-

posedly 1,700 slips here and all of them were filled. As yesterday's evening progressed the bay outside the harbor filled with boats. As it started to get dark Rock Hall was surrounded from horizon to horizon with boats at anchor. They had come to watch the fireworks show (which we now know to be famous). I am sure they were not disappointed as we have seen nothing like it before. When it was all over the entire city broke into applause.

We will leave tomorrow. At this point we don't know where we will head. If the wind is from the south we will head north towards the Sassafras River. Conversely, a north wind will send us south to the Chester River. The Chester had not been in our plans and, in fact, we had barely heard of it, but so many people have recommended it to us that it is now high on our list of places to explore. (Best of the Bay also chooses it as the #1 river to cruise.)

**July 5, 2004: Turner's Point, Sassafras River, Eastern Shore:** Today is July 5 and the Tall Ships were in Baltimore for the Fourth of July. One of them, the *Captain Miranda* from Uruguay, passes us as we head north. I assume that it is headed towards the C&D Canal.

We started at 10:30 this morning and covered the 35 miles to our present location by 4:00. The Chesapeake Bay Guide says to avoid the Sassafras on weekends lest thou be met by a wall of boats. Well, Monday is not a weekend day is it?

Yes, indeed, it is when it is Monday, July 5. For that matter, the whole bay was alive with the sound of powerboats. What a mess. Waked to death all day.

The upper bay is quite shallow over all which tends to "condense" the boat traffic, making matters worse. For much of the time we had to follow the big ship channel. Kay, ever optimistic, expressed the opinion that because it was a holiday there would not be any. Ha.

I was down below doing some navigating type stuff (and staying out of the sun) and Kay was above steering the boat when:

Kay (surprised), "There is a big ship."

Carl (hopefully), "Far away, I assume?"

Kay, "No. Close. Right in front of us."

Carl (never known to leap small build-ings, gives a fair imitation in getting from the cabin sole to the cockpit deck.)

I am glad to report that as the day went on there were more encounters but those ships did not materialize out of nowhere.

The Sassafras River is beautiful with high wooded banks and, unlike most other eastern shore rivers, significant depth. Best of all it is fresh water which means no jellyfish! The first thing we did after anchoring was dive in (well, in my case more of a belly flop).

**July 6, 2004:** Just finished lunch. Eastern Shore clam chowder (for North Carolina folks, about the same as Outer Banks clam chowder), clear based and delicious. As hard as it is to find, we figure that Kay and I and one other person like it.

We are certainly happy to be anchored here for the day as the wind is 15 to 25 from the north. We plan to leave tomorrow for Summit North Marina, Delaware, on the C&D Canal (Chesapeake and Delaware). Quite a surprise as we are confirmed cowards and can't imagine ourselves on a big ship canal with (from the point of view of a boat that travels at 5-6kts) horrendous currents.

Have no idea when I will send this as marinas on the upper bay make no provisions for email. Hopefully Summit North will be



an exception, if not we will be at Inner Harbor Marina in Baltimore's Inner Harbor Friday through Sunday night. Surely there will be a place there to connect.

Things we have learned on this trip:

1) Martinis without the rocks are not very good (Manhattans are acceptable without ice).

2) Ospreys which always previously nested on the Green (left) markers now nest on the Red (right) markers. This bodes ill for the Democrats as ospreys are very wise birds and more willing to share their opinions than owls.

3) There is something in the water at Rock Hall which makes everyone un-American, which is to say friendly, helpful, and trusting.

4) Latitude and horsepower have a positive synergistic effect on rudeness. (Kay tells me that I need to make my meaning clear. The bigger the motor and the further north they live, the ruder the operator.)

5) Murphy's Law: "Everything that can go wrong will go wrong" is overly optimistic.

**July 7, 2004: Summit North Marina, C&D Canal, Bear Delaware:** We pulled anchor at 8:00 and made it into the marina (sort of) at 12:00. The Sassafras River is beautiful and the Elk River, which leads to the C&D Canal, even more so. It reminded Kay of her home state of Minnesota.

After we entered the Elk we noticed what I took to be a large ship behind us. It appeared to be about two miles back and traveling at a half knot faster. (Actually it turned out to be a small tug towing a huge barge.) Throughout the day it drew nearer and the question became would we reach the marina before it reached us? The marina is just after the Highway 301 bridge. When we arrived at the bridge several things happened. The tug caught up to us. A Panamanian ship traveling west also caught us and the marina didn't answer the Channel 16 call. What to do? Let the Panamanian boat pass on the port. Cross in front of the tug and head into the unresponsive marina. Finally, use the cell phone to contact the marina. We were told to dock at the end of F Dock on the T and that they would actually use the radio and someone would meet us. All was well and good until we discovered that the place destined for us was already occupied and not by anyone meeting us. This time the marina actually answered the radio call and, when told that there was no space, said to go into any open slip. There were lots of open slips, all obviously belonging to someone other than us, but nonetheless in we went and here we set. No one ever met us so we were on our own as to docking, which we accomplished with no mishaps. Surprise.

Things we have learned on this trip:

6) If you work at it you can make a newspaper last three days.

7) Two people doing the same crossword puzzle should use different color pens.

8) The more inaccessible the bilge pump, the more likely it is to fail.

**July 8, 2004: Summit North Marina, C&D Canal, Bear, Delaware:** Today we face a choice:

a) Leave early and fight a 2-3kt adverse current.

b) Leave late on a favorable current and face two to three hours of afternoon thunderstorms.

Lets see!

The a's have it. There really does not seem to be a lot going on here. Last night we were the only ones dining in the restaurant.

Three hours of solid rain probably helped "dampen" customers. There is a swimming pool here but it, like everything else, is on high. The marina slips sit in a valley with all facilities on the high banks overlooking them. Lots of protection, but without air conditioning you would bake in the summer. Lots of boats appear to be running their air conditioning even though no one is aboard.

The marina's credit card machine was not working and I am really not sure how we will be billed for the slip. Also, their fuel pumps are not working, or so I overheard. Fortunately we are not in need of fuel, after four-and-a-half weeks we have used a total of 22.5 gallons of diesel.

We did meet a couple of men who are moving a Beneteau sail boat from Deltaville, Virginia, to Lake Ontario. Where on the lake I do not know, but they were familiar with Niagara on the Lake, the prettiest city we have ever seen.

Before we left on this trip I replaced my digital camera's feeble memory card (which allowed for 32 medium quality pictures) with a 128MB card which gives me 300 high quality pictures. I have shot about 200 so far. It will take me forever to go through them and select ones to include in the html version of these documents. The only picture for sure I will use is the one with the boat with the name [www.el.com/aboard](http://www.el.com/aboard), to my everlasting embarrassment.

**July 8, 2004: Still Pond, Eastern Shore, MD:** Well, it looks like we didn't make Mystic after all, marking about the 20th time we have failed to make our expressed destination. Doctor appointments, family gatherings, and a class reunion have us heading south again with a three-day stop in Baltimore Inner Harbor along the way. On *Spindrift* we have a plaque with a picture of a sailboat and the words "Success is the Journey not the Destination." Sure hope that is true since we are not much on destinations.

When you check in at Summit North there is a sign saying that the Army Corp of Engineers requires that you must seek clearance from the marina before departing. It also stated that they monitored Channel 16 24/7. About the latter I was dubious. When it came time to leave there was a heavy fog and I knew that the canal was sometimes closed for that reason, so dubious or not, I called. Much to my surprise they answered and instructed me to change to Channel 09. Not at all to my surprise they never answered on 09!

As we left the marina heading west a cruising club of nine boats exited behind us and to my satisfaction idled by us. Later we came up on them at Chesapeake City as they waited for their group to be refueled. Passing by we headed for the Elk River and a few minutes after that, here they come "hell bent for leather." We throttled back hoping that they would back off a plane and pass us gently. Ha!

The first boat roared by us with a 4' wake which we could not turn into as the next boat was on his stern. I would think that after seeing what the first boat was doing to us the others would back off. But not to happen. I think that there is sort of a mob mentality at work here. I have seen it work at long traffic lights where one car will run it and 11 will follow. I should add that the last and by far biggest boat with obviously a professional (in both senses of the word) captain did slow down. The really surprising thing is that as the boats swept by everyone waved to us in a very friendly fashion even though at one

point we were rocked over 50°. I heard a sailboat ahead call them and plead for no wake. Later we passed it, *La Garage*, and I called and asked if they respected his call? He said only two of the nine. All this reminds me of when I was fishing with my departed friend and seer, Joe Boyette, on his Jon boat on the Tar River. A huge powerboat kept roaring by, nearly sinking us each time. I made the excuse, "Well, I guess that boat is his phallic symbol", to which Joe responded, "I think I will go home and get my phallic symbol and put a couple of holes in the bottom of his phallic symbol." We continued fishing, of course, but I loved the line.

Coming down the Elk River nearing Turkey Point we got a bit nervous. First the sky appeared grey, the temperature dropped, and there was thunder all over the place though none showed on the radar. To quote from the Chesapeake Bay Guide, "If anything is going to go wrong it will go wrong off Turkey Point." Not very encouraging and where is all that thunder coming from? OK, we have had invisible ships, but now invisible thunderstorms. Finally a light bulb appears over Kay's head. It clicks on. She smiles and says, "We are right across from Aberdeen Proving Ground." Kaboom!

**July 9, 2004:** Still Pond is not so still this morning. It is not sheltered from the west and a west wind of 5kts was predicted. When we awoke this morning it was blowing 20-25kts from the NW. Ouch!

The anchor windlass we have is Carl Adler and it is not up to getting the anchor up in this wind so we will sit for awhile hoping the wind will drop some.

**July 9, 2004: Baltimore Inner Harbor, Baltimore MD:** The wind did drop to 10 to 15 and we were able to sail for a couple of hours. We actually recorded 7.2kts on the GPS at one point (with an assist from the outgoing tide). Crossing over to the western shore while at the same time negotiating the shallows around Pooles Island is not a lot of fun, but we didn't run aground. A noteworthy accomplishment. About that time the wind died and we were back to motoring SW. As we reached the entrance buoy to the Patapsco River and turned west to head for the Inner Harbor ten miles distant the wind came up strongly from the west. We actually recorded a gust of 27kts and the river was covered with spindrift, the blowing foam, not the boat. Kay was absolutely delighted with the challenge of getting the boat into an unfamiliar slip in this much wind and I am a horrible liar.

**July 10, 2004:** Yesterday we decided to go to West Marine to buy a "drop-in" replacement for our defective bilge pump. West Marine is on Northwest Harbor and we were told that it would be no problem reaching it by the ubiquitous water taxis. Well, yes, but... The "but" is that you have to transfer two times. Small water taxis circle the Inner Harbor. They can carry you to a stop where you pick up an express taxi to Fells Point. From there a single taxi makes a 45-minute "circle" to some of the "outermost" points including the Baltimore Marine Center where West Marine is located. The net result was we left at 5:00 and returned at 9:30, having spent a total of 15 minutes of this time at West Marine.

This morning Kay switched on the defective bilge pump and it now works perfectly!

We are not returning the new one.

**July 10, 2004:** Describing the Inner Harbor to someone who has not been here on a Saturday night beggars my imagina-

tion. I thought of Gatlinberg by the Sea but that won't work. The Inner Harbor is not in anyway tacky, there are no wedding chapels, and Elvis has never been seen here. Still, like Gatlinberg it is in its own way fun and picturesque. Picture about a dozen major attractions, a half a hundred shops, half that in restaurants, and a quarter million people crammed into a square mile, sprinkle in 50 or so yachts and you pretty well got it.

The marina at Summit North had only ten sailboats scattered amongst hundreds of powerboats. Although there are a lot of sailboats in the Baltimore area, there are not many in this marina relative to the powerboats. I only say that because the marina put us in a slip totally unsuitable for a sailboat despite plenty of suitable slips available. I don't think they knew any better. But what was really surprising is that with a great deal of wind blowing crossways they put us on the leeward side of the floating finger pier despite the windward side being available. This meant that when the single dockhand grabbed the bow rope from me, before I could act, the stern would be blown leftwards into the bulkhead. Instead all was perfect. I asked Kay how she managed it and apparently she acts instinctively without thinking about it. I am sure happy she was at the wheel, by the time I had thought things out we would have been crossways in the slip with part of the stern on the dock.

**July 11, 2004:** OK, I take it back, the Inner Harbor can be tacky. We went to one of those interactive IMax sort of things where you sit in seats which interact with the movie. Pretty tacky, but truth be told I enjoy tacky. This is an amazing place. I would like to come back.

I have made two friends solely over the internet that have lasted. Tom Dove is one and the other is Jaimi Smith. I met Jaimi about ten years ago on Hot Wired and about seven years ago Kay and I met her and her husband Ken at Virginia Beach. Well, we were most gratified that she and Ken and two friends, Dave and Sue Garvey, drove down from Pennsylvania to spend the day with us. We all had a great time.

However, this place may be great but it is expensive and we need to leave before we go broke, so hopefully tomorrow we head south again.

**July 12, 2004: Rhode River, West-Rhode River, Western Shore MD:** Big Mistake 1. "Is this the worse day ever?"—Kay Adler.

Last night the forecast was 5-10 from the SE with waves less than 1'. Since we were going SE that was not perfect but close. This morning it was 10-15 from the SE. Not good, but still doable. Maybe? We both were dubious of going today because widespread rain was also forecast and a general unstable atmosphere was mentioned.

Not being angels fearing to tread, we rushed in. Going west on the Patapsco everything was going as predicted. It was not really until we started down the bay that things got really bad. The wind came up to 20-25 on our nose. The waves were certainly 3-5'. In fact, on more than one occasion waves broke on top of the cabin and ran back as if the cabin top was a beach. (Of course, that meant that water was pouring through our solar ventilators contributing to the ever growing chaos below.) Worse yet, we could only make 2-4kts against the sea and wind. So, not being complete fools we planned to pull into the Magothy and layover.

Before we reached the Magothy the wind dropped back to 10-15 and the waves became much more manageable. So we passed on the Magothy.

**Big Mistake 2.** By the time we reached the Chesapeake Bay Bridge the bad weather was back. Now it was blowing 25-30 on our nose. Especially near the bridge the waves were really steep, knocking us back to 1.5-2.5kts. At one point I went below and lit my favorite pipe, returning to the cockpit I was told by the bay that I should not smoke and it promptly dropped a wave plop on my head and pipe. Anyway, we (almost literally) plowed on. Very uncomfortable. Nearly impossible to make a decent martini. Well, at least the martini was clearly "shaken not stirred."

I should also mention that at some point, despite the motor on its transom, the dinghy became airborne and flipped. OOPS! We eventually worked our way into the Rhode River and anchored. Kay and I righted the dinghy. I entered the dinghy with a great lack of grace to try to right the damage therein and Kay went below in the cabin for the same purpose. At some point Kay surfaced from the cabin and said something like, "Darling, dear, I hate to disturb you but I have concluded that we are dragging anchor" (or four words to that affect). Back on the boat we anchor again. Drag again. Again anchored. Again we drag. We are now anchored a fourth time and we are NOT going to drag. (I hope). I answer Kay, "damn right!"

"While sailing anything that does not kill you is, by definition, fun."—Me

Given a sufficiently low temperature in hell Kay will come to believe this.

**July 13, 2004: Solomons Yachting Center, Solomons Island MD:** We are back in the Solomons and just in time, we were about to run out of sweet vermouth. What a difference between the last two days. Yesterday three boats, that we know of, were cap-sized, one of them just south of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge about an hour after we passed there. Not surprising since that is where we saw the worst conditions. Kay tells me that we were making 1.2kts at full throttle there and she felt like we were "spinning wheels." The waves were large enough there that we fell off of one and the next wave washing over the boat tore the front hatch partially loose from its restraints and sent a waterfall below (to join all the water already there). We were so tired that, despite having no lunch, we skipped dinner and went to bed.

Today we had the usual lunch of Beanee Weanees and the only waves we had to fight were those caused by two powerboats who chose to entertain us with their wakes. We did have some real excitement, at one point our dinghy deflated. Sad to say it was for the same reason our previous dinghy also deflated. In both cases it was because the snap hooks on the towing bridle bit them. Both times I knew ahead of time I should replace them with real shackles and both times I put off doing so. Oh well, it is easily patched. The real fun was getting the water-filled dinghy plus motor on board with the spare halyard. There was no wind before we started the process but when the wind saw what we were trying to do it made its best effort to turn the dinghy into a kite. To me this proves that God has a sense of humor.

We will stay here a couple of days and then head back to Salt Ponds. Should be there by this weekend, completing a six-week trip in which we stopped at nine new places. We

have a large satellite image of Chesapeake Bay in our bedroom at home on which we put a gold star for every place we stop either at a marina or by anchoring and a red star where we stop courtesy of the ground. So far the gold stars outnumber the red stars but not by much.

**July 14, 2004: Solomons Yachting Center, Solomons Island MD:** The Cure for the Cruising Life ... is to go through a thunderstorm like we just went through. Winds to 70kts (though we clocked only 57) and large hail. Even in our slip we were tossed all over the place. The National Weather Service has issued a special marine warning for all of the middle bay. They say all boats should get off the water immediately. Of course, a sailboat cannot do that. Kay said that had this happened on the first leg of our trip there probably would not have been a second leg. Fortunately memory fades reasonably rapidly and with it acquired sanity and away we will go again. Now all we need worry about is getting back to Salt Ponds in the next two to three days. Oh joy, we now have a tornado watch and a waterspout warning.

A new first, just saw an Osprey catch a water snake.

Things we have learned on this trip:

9) You can drag an electric motor upside down for 20 miles through salt water and then sink it the next day and the damn thing will still work just fine. That is what I call making something foolproof.

**July 15, 2004: Solomons Yachting Center, Solomons Island MD:** Yes, we are still here. The weather report for today sounded (except for direction) suspiciously like Monday's. We passed and are glad. The winds are gusting to 35 just as on Monday. The direction is from the west which in some ways is much better. It would be on our beam and as we would be on the western shore the waves would be not bad, but here comes the big BUT, but we have to cross the 10-12-mile mouth of the Potomac River to the west. We have had a couple of terrible times there even in mild to moderate weather and would rather walk down a New York City street with "Mug Me" on our backs than be out there now.

Besides, we are still cleaning up the chaos from Monday's trip. We patched the dinghy. We are getting good at that. Well, to be honest, Kay patched the dinghy. Kay is getting good at that. One major problem is the constant river of water coming out from under the water tank. We sure hope it is not a leak in the water tank as that would be almost impossible to fix and clearly impossible to replace. (It was put in before the boat was assembled.) I tasted the water and it was pretty foul (I gargled with lots of vodka later, the sacrifices we make) so I don't think it is from the water tank. BUT (there it is again) we can't be sure. So I think what we need to do is add lots of food coloring to the tank, so the question now becomes, "do we want to take a shower in red, blue, or green water?"

**July 16, 2004: Mill Creek, Great Wycomico River, Western Shore VA:** Heading back. A long day, but a very nice trip and we are now at one of our favorite anchorages.

The following non events occurred:

- a) We exited the slip perfectly without even touching a piling;
- b) we exited the Solomons without running aground;
- c) we crossed the mouth of the Potomac in one piece



d) Of the numerous commercial ships we encountered, only one came close to running us down (and that was because the pilot was trying to take our picture);

e) we entered Mill Creek without running aground; and

f) the anchor caught the first time.

All of which means we probably have plenty of bad karma awaiting us tomorrow.

**July 17, 2004: Salt Ponds Marina, Buckroe Beach, North Hampton VA:** Last night we sat in the cockpit and listened to BAY 1017 for several hours. We were inspired to dance the Watusi. Fortunately for our physical well being, the good upkeep of the boat, and the general cosmic order, at our age inspiration and action are rarely connected.

Well, after five weeks, six days and 490.03 nautical miles (at 5+kts and 39gals of diesel) we are back. What you need to know is that sailors as a group, and Kay and I in particular, are superstitious. We will be travelling and one of us will say something like, "No storms yet." We lock eyes and both start knocking madly on our wooden coffee cup holder. Spilling salt is a capital offense on *Spindrift*.

Yesterday was a long and until the end a seemingly uneventful day. After almost nine hours we turned into the entrance channel to Salt Ponds. Kay said, "Its a miracle we are safely back," and neither of us knocked. Big Mistake 3!

The first two times we came up here we passed on Salt Ponds because the entrance seemed to be too narrow. So we are now heading into Salt Ponds and Kay follows up her earlier statement with, "What is that?" It looked like somebody had built a motel in the middle of the narrow channel. As fate would have it, it was also low tide. Damn!

It turned out that what we were seeing was a two-decker dredge, two barges, and a work boat, all blocking the entrance. By the time we realized this we were inside the stone jetty being followed by several powerboats so we were committed. There was a very narrow path around the retinue to the right, mostly now on dry land, and so we went on leading the parade of boats. What happened? We ran aground, of course, and then we ran aground again and, not to be repetitive, two more times.

We are now in our slip and may never leave again.

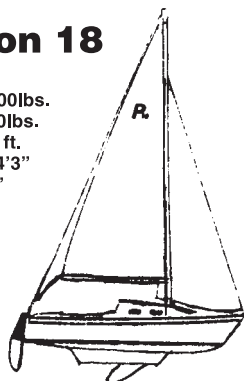
We may be too old to dance the Watusi, but... Things we learned on this trip:

10) You are never to old to skinny dip in the Sassafras River. Oh, and by the way, I lied, we did dance.

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### The International Scene

One pessimistic (or realistic) Thai shipping company expects that two-thirds of the world's fleet will be scrapped in the next two years. Maybe so, maybe not, but it was true that the beach at India's Alang was lined with about 125 vessels being scrapped. Last year, the yards only scrapped 40 vessels but more than 600 vessels are now available for breaking internationally.

Only nine ships were ordered in a recent month, down from 151 orders in the same month last year. But Taiwanese container carrier *Evergreen* will spend \$5.5 billion for 100 container ships before the anticipated global recovery in 2012. That should lift it from Number 4 to Number 3 in the box business.

Empty containers piled up worldwide, as did containers with cargo that had been refused, but the nation's railroad yards are also full of empty railroad cars. Some 200,000 of the US's 1.3 million freight cars are idle and not earning the daily demurrage fees that must be paid to the cars' owners.

Despite falling demand for crude oil, enough big tankers are being used to store oil in hopes of higher prices that charter rates for Persian Gulf tankers may actually rise.

The US protested harassment by Chinese vessels of at least one American submarine-detecting vessel operating in the South China Seas. The incident(s) was one in series of increasingly severe harassments. China claims suzerainty out to 200 miles, but the US disagrees.

### Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank or nearly sank: On East Dingtin Kae Lake in central China an unregistered boat capsized. It was carrying 2,000 tonnes of sand and a crew of seven. One man was rescued.

Off China a vessel carrying steel bars capsized in rough seas and six crew were missing.

Off Egypt the Ibn al-Battuta sank, carrying with it 20. It was carrying nearly 6,000 tons of glass.

On China's Guizhou River a boat hit a reef and sank, carrying with it ten people out of 46 on board. The reef was in a backwater created by a local hydropower station.

In Denmark, some 37 miles from Bornholm Island, the Latvian trawler *Unora* sank, taking with it two men in the wheelhouse. Four others were retrieved off life rafts by the Latvian fishing vessel *Bonivars*. Loss of the *Unora* may mean the owner will have to go out of business.

Off Hailing Island in Guangdong the *Changhai 178*, carrying seven crew and 1,700 tons of steel, capsized and sank so quickly nobody had time to don lifejackets or get into a raft. One man was rescued by a fishing boat.

An unspecified vessel capsized and sank off east China's Zhejiang Province while docking at Zhoushan City. Most of the crew of seven was sleeping below and only three survived.

At least one ship got shot at and then sank: The Chinese cargo ship *New Star* was chased by Russian coast guard vessels but refused to stop. Later, while in a storm, a Russian ship poured 515 rounds across the bow and then into the stern of the *New Star*, which then sank, taking with it eight crewmembers. China found Russia's attitude about the incident to be "unacceptable" and urged an investigation. Russia explained that the *New Star* was suspected of smuggling and had left Nakhodka without permission. In the end, life between the two nations went on much as before.

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Ships collided: Off Port Elizabeth, South Africa, the trawler *Monie Marine* and the cargo ship *Maritime Master* collided and a shore welding team went out to repair a below-waterline gash on the FV.

Off Japan, the small (499-gt) container ship *Takasago* and the larger, plywood-carrying *Marine Star* collided. No injuries but an oil spill.

The small ship *Rimba III* with a load of cement and the tugboat *Harapan Indah 7* collided in the Thousand Islands area of Indonesia and 13 were missing.

There are numerous words, mostly bordering on the obscene, for what happens when a moving tanker manages to hit two other tankers moored at unloading piers. That is what happened at Southampton when the *Valler Mosa* allided with the *BW Orinoco* and the *Navion Fennia*. No injuries but oil was spilled.

Near the US naval base at Yokosuka, Japan, the destroyer *USS Lassen* (DDG 82) hit an anchored small boat carrying four fishermen. No serious damage except possibly to some careers.

Ships grounded: Near the Kurile island of Paramushir the Russian reefer transport *Sunguch* ran aground.

In the Philippines, the bulkier *MV United* nearly ran down a boat carrying local divers installing buoys and then ran aground.

In Galveston Bay the tanker *Vasa Golden Dardenelles* ran aground and much of its cargo had to be lightered off before the tanker floated free.

In County Atrim the scrap-metal-laden *Antari* ran ashore on a sloping beach when the overworked mate fell asleep at the wheel, possibly for as long as three hours. The vessel refloated three hours later but over 70% of its bottom needed repairs.

Fire ravaged some ships: Some 250 miles east of St John's, Newfoundland, the crew of the Spanish fishing boat *Monte Galineiro* abandoned ship because of a fire but a Canadian Coast Guard vessel was only ten minutes away. One fisherman was flown to St John's for treatment of smoke inhalation.

In Hawaii the 60-passenger tourist submarine *Atlantis* had an electrical panel fire that city firemen extinguished by triggering the sub's halon system.

In Russia, while anchored at Nakhodka, the superstructure and engineroom of the Panamanian bulkier *Nancy* suffered heavy fire damage.

Off Kandira near Istanbul the Turkish tanker *RTS Haldos* had a severe engineroom fire, scary enough that the crew took to lifeboats.

Other: In Queensland, near Moreton Bay, a protected marine park, the *Pacific Adventurer* lost both some fuel and 31 containers containing ammonium nitrate fertilizer. Ecologists feared fish damage and explosive plant growth.

Maritime-related deaths and injuries: A sheet of metal broke free from a winch and killed a worker at a Turkish shipyard. It was the yard's first fatality since opening in 2005 but shipyard fatalities are common in Turkey.

On the Houston Ship Channel a worker was killed while the dredge *King Fisher* was being moved. News accounts varied as to

what killed him, a winch or a crane. (Authorities said there was no crane on the dredge.)

An Australian navy diver, who had been attacked by a bull shark during a training exercise, added an amputated leg to a hand previously amputated.

Off South Africa, a fisherman lost fingers when they got in a winch on the Emerald Isle but a rescue boat of South Africa's superb National Sea Rescue Institute took the man ashore for reattachment of the digital extremities.

Off India the master of the South Korean bulkier *Bright Star* suffered a mild heart attack, perhaps because of food poisoning that killed four of his crew of 30 and hospitalized 15 seriously ill others, including himself.

In the UK an anchor fell on a worker in a drydock. In spite of being anesthetized and treated at the scene by doctors, he later died in a hospital.

Other: In Sweden the Dutch-flagged coaster *Dintelborg* arrived at Stockholm with the top part of the spindly Armbagen lighthouse, complete with helicopter platform, draped across its bow. It was suspected that the master was drunk when the accident happened.

### Gray Fleets

Ballistic-missile submarines are designed to be extremely quiet. And tactics call for them to be inconspicuous, evasive, and undetected; in short, to get lost. So what were the odds that the French boomer *Le Triomphant* and the British boomer *HMS Vanguard* would manage not to detect each other and so collide deep the Atlantic depths at low speeds? No major damage but just a touch of embarrassment. After all, each boomer was doing exactly what it was supposed to do until Captain Murphy gave some orders.

It will cost \$25-40 million to repair the grounding-damaged missile cruiser *USS Port Royal* (CG 73). Part of that money must come from the Navy's surface ship maintenance budget and that was recently frozen, a decision that deprived East and West Coast yards of about \$450 millions of potential repair work.

The Australian Navy may want to spend \$20 billion on submarines but there is virtually no chance that the government will agree. Among reasons given are the global financial mess and the fact the Navy can currently only deploy three of its six Collins-class subs due to lack of skilled or willing personnel. "Willing" is an interesting word here but the subs' sailors aren't happy, reported psychologists, who recently interviewed them. The highly skilled tars don't feel appreciated, they spend too much time at sea (long voyages are necessary because of the nation's distance from areas of interest), the work is boring, and they feel that automation has taken the glamour out of their work. The Australian government just doesn't know what to do. (Note: Due to bonuses, some Ozzie sailors now make more than the officers who command them. Note 2: Other governments worldwide are having similar problems with their sub crews.)

And budget limitations mean that Australia may not build the fourth air warfare destroyer even though the Prime Minister realizes that the nation faces a growing threat in the region.

Evidences of financial and political strain appeared when the Russia Navy announced it was planning to build at least three nuclear-powered aircraft carriers in the 50,000-80,000-ton range. That contradicted previous statements by the Deputy Prime Minister who had said the Navy should focus



on ships no larger than frigates or corvettes, a shift from the government's earlier position that aircraft carriers were desirable and would be built.

At Bermuda a signaling flare set off a fire on *HMCS Glace Bay* (MM 701). A seaman had it in his hand when it suddenly ignited. "It startled him and he dropped it into a locker, which set off other flares," explained a spokesperson. The warship was one of three visiting Bermuda, all 1990-vintage minehunters/minesweepers now classified as coastal defense vessels.

Canada recently decided it wouldn't or couldn't replace its two naval supply and replenishment ships and now the 40-year-old *HMCS Preserver* needs extensive upgrading that will take it out of service for nearly a year. So how will Canada meet its international commitments or support long-range patrols in places like the Arctic? That remains To Be Determined.

In Florida seven men were arrested for shooting protected wading birds such as herons and ibises. Four of the men turned out to be recent graduates of the US Naval Academy and in flying training. The episode will not help their Navy careers.

### White Fleets

At Palma de Mallorca wind gusts pulled a bollard from the pier. It was holding the three bow lines from the *Fantasia* and the ship swung out. A gangway dropped, carrying with it a passenger in his 80s. Four of the ship's staff dove in and had him ashore in a minute. He suffered a head injury.

Off Uruguay's Punta del Este a generator fire on the *Costa Romantica* was quickly extinguished with no injuries but evacuation of the ship's nearly 1,500 passengers was planned.

In the Antarctic extremely high winds pushed the small cruise ship *Ocean Nova* aground in Marguerite Bay at low tide. Slightly over 100 passengers were evacuated to the *Clipper Adventure* and the stranded ship floated free on the evening high tide.

To convert an elderly cruise ship to meet SOLAS 2010 standards may cost up to \$26 millions. Which means we will be saying goodbye to some grand old-time beauties as they head off to the scrappers.

Carnival Cruise Lines announced record bookings for a one-week period as vacationers took advantage of bargain rates. But paying for the biggest cruise ship yet, the *Oasis of the Seas*, may need some bolstering. When completed, the ship will cost \$1.24 billion.

The *Oosterdam* arrived at San Diego with 84 passengers sick because of the norovirus.

A shore excursion tour turned sour when a bus lost control on the Caribbean island of Dominica. Sixteen people were injured, some seriously, and several were later air-ambulanced to the States. All were passengers on the *Celebrity Summit*.

In New Zealand a crewman on the *Oceanic Discoverer* was badly crushed between a door and a bulkhead during a fire drill at Napier. (The yacht-like vessel carries 70-80 passengers on tours in the Southern Pacific.)

It's the high season in New Zealand and tourists apparently took advantage. Twelve cruise ships with about 20,500 passengers docked at Auckland in one week, breaking the previous record of nine.

### Those That Go Back and Forth

In Cork, Ireland, a car slipped off the Glenbrook-Carrigaloe local ferry and only one of two occupants survived the dip.

In the state of Washington a bicycle left on the Seattle-to-Bainbridge ferry *Wenatchee* triggered a massive search until a woman heard news reports and volunteered that she had simply forgotten the bike.

And Washington State Police said they suspected no foul play in the disappearance of a woman a month earlier on the same route. Her family believes she committed suicide.

In Abu Dhabi a search started when a ferry carrying nine crewmen and a number of cars and trucks failed to reach its destination and one survivor was found at sea. The ferry travelled between Jebel Dhana and the island of Jurnain.

In southern Bangladesh, on the Kirtonkhola River, a small ferry carrying 60 to more than 100 people collided with a sand-laden vessel and capsized. Many passengers, but not all, were able to swim ashore but another 150 or so were missing.

In India tempers flared when passengers and vehicles could not leave an arriving ferry. Angry commuters had jammed the ramps to protest that fact that the company was only operating two ferries on the Ribandar-Chorao route. The situation worsened when the second ferry had to return to the other side because it, too, couldn't unload.

What do you do with a big cruiseship/ro-ro/ferry that is too big for the available routes or is otherwise non-profitable? In the case of the 34,000-gt *Queen of Scandinavia*, it was chartered to house 700 workers renovating a nuclear power station outside Oskarshamn in Denmark. The charter is for only a few months and then ...?

In 2006 a New York City organization paid half a million dollars for the old Massachusetts-based vehicular ferry *Islander* but couldn't find a use for it and realized that the vessel needed millions in repairs. The ship was sold on eBay to an upstate New York farmer for \$23,600. Others were tempted because his bid was number 58.

Financial pressures may cause the Washington State ferry system to use fewer ferries but the US Navy asked that ferry service be maintained for 23,000 military personnel, 16,600 civilian employees, and more than 10,000 contract workers in the Puget Sound area. (The news account failed to list the number of family members.)

### Legal Matters

Whistle-blowing can be remunerative. One w-b will collect \$5.2 million in a case where the defendant must pay a \$26.3-million fine for overcharging Uncle Sam for transporting troops and equipment to Iraq and Afghanistan.

The directors and management of Nordic Tankers reported its former CEO and chairman of the board to the police for fraud and attempt to fraud, namely dubious broker agreements with some of his personal friends on the board as well as an agreement with a real-estate company owned by his wife. (He had wanted the company to move to Copenhagen into a building owned by that company but the board refused to support his plan.)

### Illegal Imports

Nineteen migrants drowned off Lanzarote Island, one of Spain's seven Canary Islands and a popular tourist spot. Last year, 9,182 Africans reached the Canaries, down from 12,478 the year before.

### Nature

A huge oil slick drifted towards Britain and Ireland after an estimated 1,000 tons of fuel oil was spilled while the Russian aircraft carrier *Admiral Kuznetsov* was being refueled off the southern Irish coast.

Japan complained to Australia about the Antarctic antics of the anti-whaling ship *Steve Irwin* while in contact with the Japanese whaling fleet, so Australian federal police raided the ship when it docked at Hobart and took off a logbook and video footage. (However, no mention was made whether the police had confiscated the ship's infamous skull-and-cross-bones flag.)

In southern Newfoundland residents had to do something for five dolphins that had been trapped by ice. Four adults and a teenager used a 17' fiberglass boat to cut a path for the mammals, but by the time the humans arrived only four dolphins were there, and only three were still swimming when the icebreaking was done. Two swam away but the third was so weak that a rope harness was made to tow it to open water. There, one volunteer jumped into the freezing water to free the harness.

The US Navy had hoped that the missile cruiser *USS Port Royal* had run aground on rocks and sand off the Honolulu International Airport, but dives after its removal showed it had damaged a coral reef, a far worse environmental problem.

### Metal-Bashing

Putin claimed that Russia will build over 1,000 ships in the next 20 years, including 265 fishing vessels and 791 freighters.

The big anchor handling tug *Anglican Earl* towed the French ex-aircraft carrier *Clemenceau* to the UK for an environmentally friendly scrapping, thus ending a saga that involved prolonged debates about the details of its scrapping, heated discussions with Greenpeace and several governments including Spain, India, and China, and an eastward tow the length of Mediterranean that was aborted and reversed when Egypt refused to allow the ex-warship to transit the Suez Canal.

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

In February there were 18 piracy attacks, mostly in the Gulf of Aden. One new ship with a crew of 22 was taken. Three ships and 56 crew were released.

Naval escort by warships of many nations was taking effect but operations by pirates became increasingly sophisticated. Increased piracy activity was noted in the Malacca Strait, the Gulf of Guinea, the Bay of Bengal, East Africa shipping lanes, and on the Pacific coast of South America.

In the Philippines pirates attacked a trawler and killed three of its crew off Basilan Island, Mindanao.

In Nigeria, what may have been a ferry was hijacked by gunmen near Bonny Island. Twenty-two passengers were later released but the captain and the "boat conductor" were not. And so on.

### Odd Bits

An explosion in the pump room of the Danish dredger *Gefion R* informed the crew that it had dug up old munitions. It was only a grenade but other explosives had made it into the ship's storage bins where a bomb squad soon discovered about 40 grenades and traces of explosions.



### Why

Idaho claims to be the gem state. One of its true jewels is a lake in the Sawtooth Wilderness Area named Alice. I have somewhat arbitrarily decided that it is this particular lake that made me realize how neat it would be to get out on it in a boat, a “well yeah” wish with daunting impediments. The trail into the lake, by back-country standards, is excellent but rough. It is a six-mile trek, one-way, with a 1,600’ elevation gain and six stream crossings (only one with a bridge). You simply wouldn’t take a rigid boat into Alice, leaving foldables or inflatables.

In recent years there have been several interesting and worthy inflatable, folding, and hybrid boats put on the market. However, even with the newer models the main drawback of the commercially available boats is weight. My goal was to create a boat weighing around 10lbs, leaving me with room to pack all the necessities for a day hike and still carry in only about 20lbs total.

I started this project about the same time as Noah (no design phase required, he had detailed instructions) but now I have come up with some pretty detailed plans and directions on how to build a truly lightweight, foldable, flat-water boat that can be launched on remote, pristine, magnificent, magical, etc, etc, waters and it only weighs 10lbs.

### What

Skin on frame kayaks have been around for thousands of years with various shape and framing configurations depending on locale. Folding skin on frame kayaks have been produced for a hundred years now. Some utterly amazing voyages have been made in these craft, ocean crossings, etc. An Alice is sort of a distant cousin to most of these traditional and

## A Boat Named Alice

By Chuck Corwin

commercial boats. First of all, Alice is pretty much a flat-water boat not meant for hunting (though fishing works), crashing surf, rock gardens, or white water. And it’s a day boat not meant for paddling expeditions. Thus the interior space does not need to be open for storage but can be utilized to make a light as possible frame structure. The ideal venue for this boat is a remote, crystal clear lake that can be reached only on foot. Carried on the boat in the water; a jacket, lunch, emergency repair kit (duct tape), and water filter.

Some preliminary remarks are in order before we get to information about the boat’s design.

First of all, there are almost as many books on how to build boats as there are cookbooks. However, to the best of my knowledge there are some significant differences between Alice and any other boat I know or have heard of.

For starters, the rigid part of the structure, while maybe not completely unique, is certainly unusual. The heart of the Alice design is the three pairs of lightweight trusses made up of five sections each used to form the structural framework. With someone sitting in the boat in the water, the frame structure wants to bend down (sink in the middle). This beam bending is generally the biggest stress on a boat that must be accounted for. The most efficient beam (strength to weight) is some form of truss. Ergo, the structure of Alice is three pairs of laterally curved trusses.

A few words about some of the key materials: An Alice boat requires approximately 190’ of 0.240” diameter carbon tubes. Certainly other materials such as fiberglass or

aluminum could be substituted. However, any other combination than that recommended, though cheaper, will surely weigh more and may not be rigid enough. Simply put, of the other materials currently commercially available, carbon is going to provide the optimum combination of strength and weight and take up the least amount of space. However, with the general inflation of material prices and the fact that more and more carbon is being utilized for aircraft, etc, a truly lightweight boat is not going to be truly cheap, even if you build it yourself.

There are two ways to produce carbon tubes. The low tech way is to squirt (pultrude) the material through a die, then let it cure. The second, more sophisticated, way results in a more expensive product that is generally not as tough. So it turns out that this is one of those rare occasions where cheaper is better. The price for 58 40” tubes on August 18, 2008, was \$260, not including freight.

The recommended skin (fabric) for an Alice boat is aircraft Dacron polyester. One of the trade names is Ceconite. It generally comes in three weights and Alice uses the heaviest (3.4/3.7oz per sq yd). You can use either certified for aircraft or, for a little less money, uncertified with the only drawback that there may be blemishes in the material but it will work just fine. Besides being light and strong, the polyester also has the outstanding characteristic of being heat-shrinkable. The skin of an Alice boat is literally shrink-to-fit and the amount of possible shrink is an amazing 10%.

Once the skin has been shrunk it needs to be waterproofed. Hypalon (DuPont) has been used to coat the fabric of quality folding kayaks for many years. One of the major differences between regular manufactured folding kayaks and an Alice is that for the manufactured boat the Hypalon is applied to the fabric in a factory environment which precludes later shrinking. For the manufactured boat skin the coated fabric is cut and the seams sewn or welded together, much like making a piece of clothing. There are other products that could be used but it is strongly recommended that the time-tested Hypalon be utilized. Principal disadvantages are product cost and shipping cost. If you are content with a single color you can probably get a minimum 1gal order for \$140, which includes a hazardous material shipping fee.

A remarkable feature of Hypalon is that it is almost totally soluble in the common solvent Xylene. You can thin and refresh it almost indefinitely. If things go terribly wrong in the coating process you can remove and redo. Another nice property is that you can do a cosmetically acceptable job of coating with a brush (foam brush if you like). The trick with a brush is to apply in very thin coats.

There is one other item that I feel compelled to mention at this point, and that is that an Alice is not meant (or designed) to roll. The fact that it is an open cockpit recreation kayak should be sufficient reason. But given its stability it shouldn’t be an issue anyway. I believe I have done enough calculations to satisfy the most technically obsessed, but in the stability category I have found an even more reliable measure, is seat of the pants, my wife says it’s stable and by G it’s stable.

For those not familiar with the term, they have been calling folding kayaks “folding kayaks” ever since they were first developed. Assembled and disassembled is a far more accurate description. One of the trade-offs for light weight has been speed and ease of assembly.







On a really good day, with no mistakes, I can put an Alice together in roughly 30 minutes. However, from inside the bag to ready for the water with seat cushions etc, a more realistic time is probably 40 to 45 minutes.

### Design

Of the three elements of kayaking; design, build, paddle, for me building is in last place. But between designing and paddling the enjoyment is at least equal, and designing may just have an edge.

For me, when a backpack gets up around 30lbs I'm not having fun. Early on I arrived at the conclusion that if this idea (goal) was going to work for me, the boat itself couldn't weigh much more than 10lbs. When I started the project I wasn't at all sure that it was possible. In fact, I had some fairly knowledgeable people tell me that it wasn't.

So, other than the basic, the water stays on the outside, the first three design criteria were: 1) light weight, 2) light weight, and 3) light weight. Then, in no particular order, came: 4) compactly folded, 5) easily assembled, 6) low resistance (easily paddled), 7) laterally stable, 8) good tracking (maneuverability not much of an issue since, for the most part, the boat will be paddled in a straight line and it's only 12' long), 9) and finally that it be a real boat (not something with the hydrodynamic characteristics of an inner tube).

I made a couple of full-scale test hulls out of rigid foam insulation: a catamaran and a monohull with outriggers (maybe it was a trimaran). About the time I realized that a simple monohull would meet my stability requirements and have the least resistance, I discovered Platt Monfort and his amazing, truly lightweight boats. It was only then that I begin to believe that my goal might be achievable.

I bought a set of plans and instructions from Platt and a set from "Mac" McCarthy (the wood stripper guy). I pretty much used the lines of a famous canoe "Wee Lassie" below the waterline and built a 10'5" wood frame folding kayak. I liked how it looked, handled, etc. However, the wood frame was too heavy and complicated and most of it ended up in the fireplace. But I salvaged the skin. With considerable effort I made a carbon tube frame (foldable) that fit inside the original sin (skin). The tubes were carbon arrow stock and the sliding connectors were also of aluminum arrows. I named this boat Alice after Alice Lake. At first my wife Barbara took exception to this but later thought she liked the idea. I still have it. I still use it and I still do test things on/with it.

There was always supposed to be two boats, one for me and one for my wife (assuming the second boat would be an improvement over the first, Alice II would be mine). It was only much later that I realized that, if we were going to hike into some lake we would only pack one boat and take turns.

Up until now I had kept calculations to a minimum and done them all by hand. I had gone through engineering school with a slide rule (I'm wondering how many people reading this know what one is). I had never found any compelling reason to become computer literate. So, big, exciting, scary step, I bought a Naval Architecture CAD program. I chose New Wave Systems. Because of the similarity of my hull to a hard chine boat I was able to get by with their entry level Pro-Chine 3 Hull Design and Fairing Program for \$200, more expensive than a computer game but more fun.

Considerable time passed before I gained enough skill to come up with the lines for Alice II. Although challenging and frequently frustrating, this was really rewarding. Move one point on the lines and the program would change and fair all three views and recalculate everything.

A CAD program will give you a boat with fair lines but not necessarily a well-designed boat. The art and science of naval architecture needs to be brought into play in order to expect that a boat will have good characteristics and qualities. It's that or you're stuck with trial and error. Fortunately the basic principles and design parameters can be summarized and found in numerous books. An excellent article by Ted Brewer appears in a previous issue

of *Messing About in Boats*. What follows are some of the steps I took in the design process to give you an idea of how it works.

Because of the need for compact folded dimensions, length was fixed at five sections per truss, at roughly 29" each, giving me a 12' boat. I wanted a minimum beam (width) but knew that around 24" was about as good as I could hope for.

Getting into the project I carefully studied the kayak reviews in *Sea Kayaker* magazine (Chris Cunningham, the editor, was the person that put me on to the *Messing About in Boats* publication). From the reviews I decided that a reasonable hope was a boat that would cruise at about 3.25kts (3.74mph) at around 2lbs resistance. The 3.25 gave me a speed to length ratio of 0.938 and a recommended  $C_p$  for kayaks of .54 to .57.  $C_p$ , the prismatic coefficient, is simply a number that gives an indication of how fat or skinny the ends of the hull are. With these, and the proven ranges of a few other parameters, I could enter the program and quickly come up with a starting point hull.

A CAD program will not automatically give you an optimum hull. What you have to do is play off desirable characteristics against each other like stability and resistance. It's not really trial and error, more like trial and adjust or trial and refine. Eventually you will arrive at what you feel is the best deal you can get. And, in the case of a 12' kayak, it's only a few hours at most.

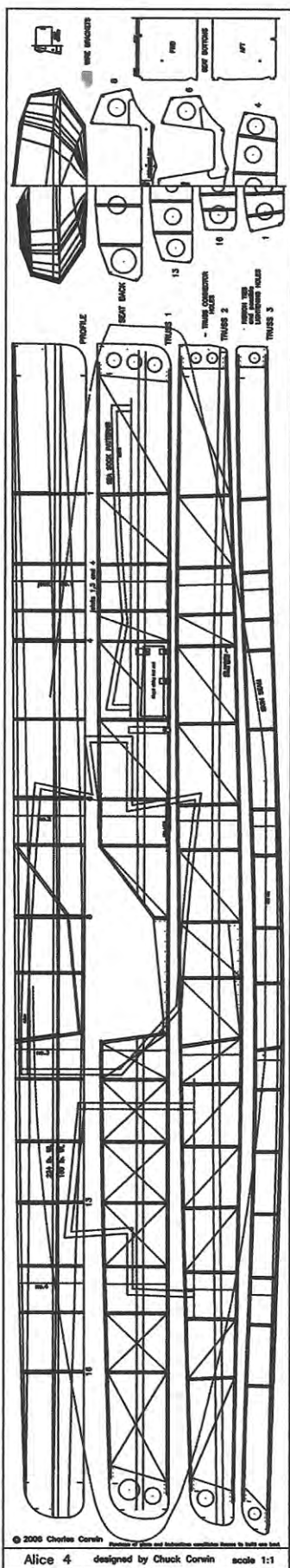
From lines to plans was another hurdle. Rather than try to use the CAD program, I took advantage of my access to a version of AutoCad. The catch was I had to do the work myself. If anybody out there has heard stories about the challenge of learning AutoCad, I can assure you they are all true (most likely, the real story is worse).

I was really pleased with Alice II but there were so many things I wanted to improve. I decided to go on. There are those, probably including my wife, who would count this as some kind of character flaw.

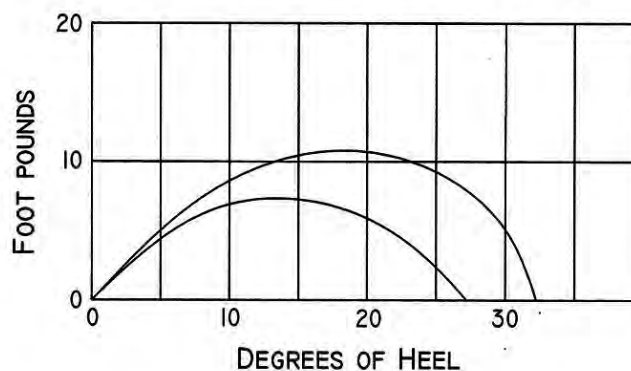
Upon completion of Alice III I felt I could settle on a final design. In other words, declare it good enough and stop fiddling with it. And somewhere during this process I decided I wanted to come up with complete plans and instructions on the outside chance that someone else might want to build one. So I tweaked the Alice III design and built Alice IV, largely to check the accuracy of the plans.

So here are some of the numbers for fresh water. People really into kayaks will note that they bear some resemblance to the format in *Sea Kayaker* magazine:

	150lb paddler	210lb paddler
Length overall	12.0'	
Beam (width)	24.0"	
Cockpit size	15" x 49"	
Draft (depth below waterline)	3 1/8"	4"
Prismatic coefficient	.56	.58
Wetted surface in sq ft	16.48	18.64
Speed vs Resistance (in pounds) as calculated using Winters KAPER formula (uncorrected for skin type) as found in my CAD program		
	150lb paddler	210lb. paddler
2 knots	.73	.8
3 knots	1.53	1.75
3.25 knots	1.83	2.12
4 knots	3.17	3.75

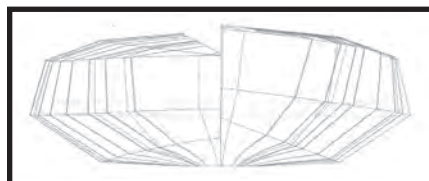


## RIGHTING/HEELING MOMENTS (FIXED-WEIGHT)

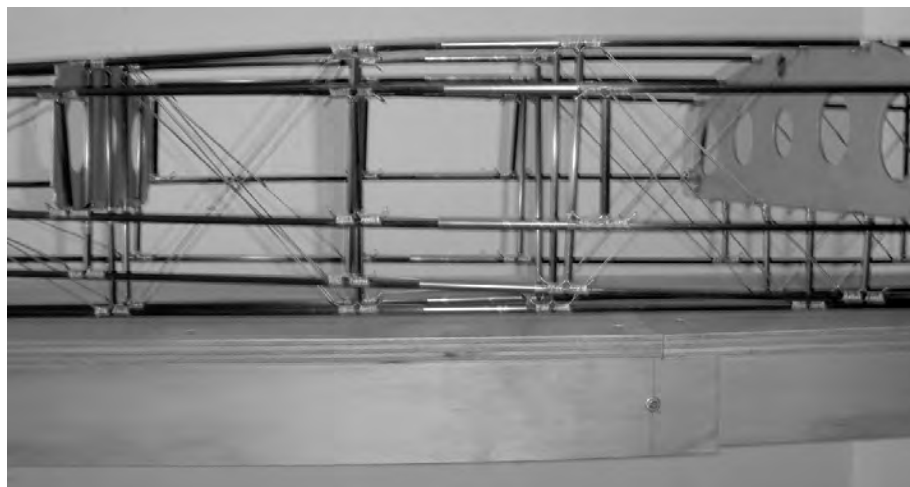


## STABILITY CURVES

1. 150 LB. PADDLER
2. 200 LB. PADDLER



I think I should point out that, except for resistance, all the above numbers are real. They were arrived at simply (for the computer) by solving equations for definite mechanical relationships. Resistance, on the other hand, is theoretical, arrived at by computer modeling from the test results of similar hulls.



## Plans and Instructions

I'm finally ending a project that has given me a lot of enjoyment and a sense of accomplishment. I would recommend the process to almost anyone. It really doesn't require an engineering degree to get through it. Yeah, it took an embarrassing long time but I greatly increased the scope after starting. And now I own four neat boats that can accommodate me, my wife, kids, and/or grandkids or friends. And I have made it possible for someone to build one of their own without going through the design phase.

So, with the clear understanding that the only person who thinks that a set of plans and instructions are complete is the person who made them, here is what is available, along with my email address for questions:

For \$100 you'll get a 16' roll of full scale plans plus a 54-page book of instructions that includes a materials list with ad-

resses and lots of pictures. Also included is a simple metal template to help in trimming the fabric and a small jig that greatly simplifies and eases the making of the 400 little wire brackets integral to the design.

At the date of this writing (3/3/09) the cost of materials, not counting seat cushions, should run about \$675.

An educated, and I hope conservative, guess for time of construction, I'll say, is 300 hours. I'd like to think that it wouldn't take the average person that long but I believe most people would agree there are just too many variables to expect a hard number. It is my sincere hope that this estimate is realistic.

Finally, it wouldn't surprise me, or greatly disappoint me, if I didn't sell one set of plans and instructions. To reduce it to current jargon, I have achieved closure.

Chuck Corwin, PO Box 689, Ketchum, ID 83340, [aliceboat@cox.net](mailto:aliceboat@cox.net)

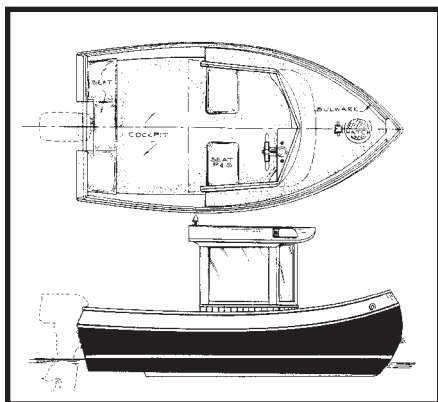




Top  
Ten  
Designs

## #8 Tubby Tug

A 9' Tugboat  
for Kids of All Ages  
Build in Stitch-N Glue Plywood



### Characteristics

Length overall	9'
Beam	4'8"
Hull weight approx	175 lbs
Hull depth midship	20"
Hull depth aft	28"
Cabin headroom	3'10"
Height overall	4'1"
Displacement at 4" waterline	520 lbs
Average passengers	2-3
Hull type: Flat bottom with sides and bottom developed for Stitch-N-Glue sheet plywood construction	
Power: Outboard to 5hp	
Trailer: Designed for use with Glen-L Series 650 boat trailer plans	

### Description

We've been amazed at the attention this little boat receives whenever we take her out. For children, a ride in the Tubby Tug is more than a boat ride, it's an event. They become tugboat captains or explorers, chugging out into an imaginary world full of danger or adventure. Even though this boat was designed with children in mind, we expected that adults just might want to take her out once in a while. We've found, however, that once dad gets in it's hard to get him out. So if you're looking for a boat for "kids" of all ages, take a close look at the Tubby Tug.

For safety, the Tubby Tug has four watertight compartments that provide flotation even if the boat is filled with water. The wide beam and generous hull depth provides more stability than most small boats. The hull is built from standard 8' sheets of plywood by the Stitch-N-Glue construction method, described in detail in the front of this catalog. With patterns for virtually every part of the hull, including planking and decking, the hull takes shape quickly, and building is a FUN project.

Tubby Tug can be built with the cabin as shown or the roof and window portions eliminated. Build it either way but be ready for the attention you'll get trailering, launching, or underway.

### Plans

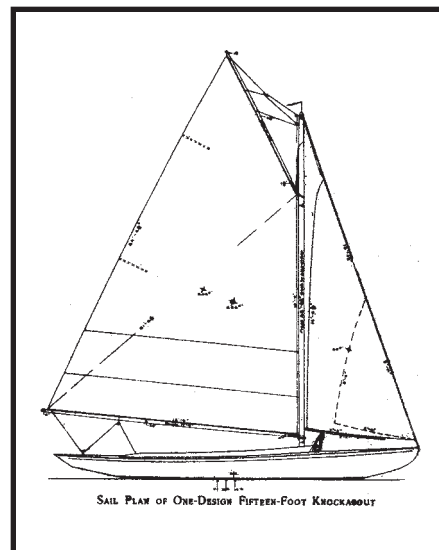
Complete plans include full size patterns for bottom, sides, bulwark, transom, fore and aft and seat bulkheads, foredeck, knees, breasthook, cabin arc, windshield frame, cabin ledge, cabin crown, and plywood layout plus, instructions, bill of materials, and laminate schedule.



## Designs from

THE  **RUBBER** 1903

## One-Design 15' Knockabout



The popularity of one-design class racing cannot be denied as the idea is being taken up wherever there is any racing in the smaller classes, and next season the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron of Halifax, NS, will have a class of 15' knockabouts built from a design by Mr E.A. Boardman of Boston, Massachusetts. As the average conditions in Halifax harbor where the boats will be used are very heavy both as to the wind and sea, the boats are designed to be as seaworthy as possible and will be heavily built, although the construction is very simple in order to keep down the cost of building.

The boats are to be built at Halifax and will have keels of yellow birch, frames of Shelburne oak, and planking of white pine. The ballast is all outside on the keel and will be an iron casting, weighing 1,250lbs.

A good feature of the arrangement on deck is shown in carrying the coaming forward of the mast and bringing it in to a point with a flare to throw off any water that comes over the bows.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length overall	24'2"
Length waterline	15'0"
Overhang forward	4'2"
Overhang aft	5'0"
Beam extreme	6'2"
Beam at waterline	6'0"
Draught extreme	4'0"
Draught to rabbit	1'3"
Freeboard bow	2'3"
Freeboard stern	1'8"
Freeboard least	1'4"
Area mainsail	238sf
Area jib	60sf
Total sail area	298sf



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Let me begin with the conception. Right after the end of WW II my late uncle, Professor William Pardoe of Fairy Island in Lake Joseph, Muskoka, decided that he needed a newer boat than our ancient (ca 1922) Disappearing Propeller craft, the now famous "DP." It was a good boat, after all it had successfully negotiated the new Trent-Severn Waterway, but its time had come.

So my Uncle Bill looked up his friend Billy Johnston, the inventor of the disappearing propeller device and the proprietor of a boat shop in Port Carling. The two Bills got together and designed a knockabout all-purpose vessel that would look like a sailboat but would serve as the island's "gopher" boat, as in "go fer" the mail or "go fer" the lumber order, or "go fer" an evening saunter.

She was to be 16' long 5'8" wide, draft about 18-20" with white oak keel and ribs, white cedar planking, mahogany deck and gunwales, with lapstrake construction. She was to have a square stern with a sailboat type rudder, removable, of course.

If they hadn't decided to put in a monstrous one-cylinder engine she could just as well have been a sailboat.

It took Billy Johnston about two or three months to build *Puckish* and she was delivered to Fairy Island in the early summer of 1946 for somewhere around \$1300. Spanking new, with fine varnish smells, good-looking deck and red cedar floorboards, she chugged along at about 5-6mph. One had to be a very patient passenger.

That monstrously stubborn and sluggish St Lawrence one lunger had to be started by crank or hands on the flywheel. It finally sprained Uncle Billy's wrist so badly he had it replaced in 1950 by a Universal Atomic Four, which had an electric starter. It has been a very dependable engine and serves the

## Puckish Comes Home

By David Pardoe

boat to this day. It pushes the boat at about 7-8mph but usually starts. The old engine hung around our boathouse for 20 years or so until I palmed it off on a friend in Pte AuBaril where it was burned in a famous marina fire.

In 1964 my very bright, learned, and generous uncle passed to his reward leaving me with an island equipped with two power boats, both built by Billy Johnston, one named *Puck* and the other *Puckish*, whom we have under consideration here. (The two names are derived from Shakespeare to carry out the Fairy Island concept.) At 18 years *Puckish* was beginning to look down at the heels, somewhat oily and greasy, a bit battered from some bad landings but still seaworthy. Of course, she was pokey. And whenever I took her to our mainland marina at Foot's Bay to go shopping, someone was sure to come by and sneer, as in "ho, ho what kind of so-called boat is that?" It happened often enough that I got sensitive, defensive, and rebellious.

Time ramped along and as we found ourselves outclassed by big money people (see previous article, Vol 25, No 4, 7/1/2007), Fairy Island was sold and we moved boats and tools and furniture to another lake and another summer home. During the move it became obvious that *Puckish* needed more than just cosmetic treatment for serious leaks, keel trouble, skeg disintegration, et al. My son David (Jr) decided that it was time to have the work done and chose Dwight Boyd, owner of Clarion Boats on the Trent River, to do the repair and restoration. The boat was taken to Clarion in the summer of 2005.

David regularly checked up on the "work in progress?" and felt that the progress was minimal as they always seemed to have bigger and more intensive or expensive work on larger craft. This story gets more complicated and painful because David had a fatal heart attack in 2007 and never saw the restored craft, which was finally completed in the late summer of 2008.

Which left the new William Pardoe, age 13, and his mother Nancy in charge when the now fully-restored boat was to be delivered to the town wharf at Sharbot Lake. My, how she did glisten and gleam in the bright sunlight and young William's beaming smiles were right on message. He was a happy young captain!

Boyd and his people had replaced the keel and skeg plus several bottom strakes, new rubrails, and new heat resistant green paint for the Atomic Four. And, of course *Puckish* had been scraped and sanded extensively and varnished repeatedly. She looked better than I ever remembered.

When we reached the cottage (after the three-mile trip from the town wharf) Will could take the boat right into the slip that his dad had gotten ready, with electric slings for winter raising. Just press the button and small electric motors begin to work and presto, voila, there she is right up there! Marvelous.

She looks so good Will and I are discussing putting her into this year's Antique and Classic Boat Show in Gravenhurst, Ontario. Their theme this year is the "post-war utility boats." For those who are wondering what such a craft is, it is defined as "an in-board, having a mid engine with no decking around the engine cover so that passengers can walk on either side." (*Classic Boat* magazine, Winter 2009, p. 14.)

Sounds like our *Puckish* alright. But they just don't know how to spell GOPHER!



Thirteen-year-old Will, now the "Happy Captain" of 62-year-old *Puckish*.

The younger generation takes over. David, Jr at helm with William Ruth and Dave, Sr in bow. Off for the mainland. Five-year-old Will acknowledges photographer, ca 2000.



*Puckish* and Dave, rainy day in Foot's Bay, ca 1995 (16' LOA), Billy Johnson, built 1946.

"Happy Captain" makes an adjustment.







The 58-year-old Universal Atomic Four all gussied up for the next four decades. A really dependable engine!

Some sex and charm helps, Ruth Pardoe at left with Helen Gatfield (right). Long upside down rowboat is *Iverna*, built circa 1870! Pardoe family's first boat!



Puckish and Will in new boathouse, note slings to raise for winter storage.

Forty-year-old Grampa Dave and 13-year-old Will in new slip.



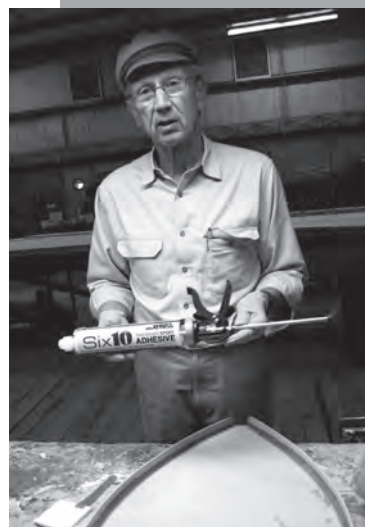
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## With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

### Weekend at Rutland Water

By Paul Apps

By chance we chose the only weekend in September with really fine weather. Mike drove from the Wirral and Paul from Newbury, 110 miles each, and arrived at the lake mid-afternoon. The sailing club had a massive race going on (see behind Mike in the picture). The facilities with showers and cafe are perhaps not DCA *de rigueur* but very easy and the slipway, too.

The lake, although manmade and in the west of East Anglia, is not as dull in terms of scenery as one might expect and much of it lies E-W, offering good wind. With no desire to tangle with the many racing dinghies we gave the 2km crossing of the lake a miss on Saturday afternoon. An algal growth spoils the clarity of the water and a weed around the edge is supposedly poisonous but neither deter one from getting wet and we declined to eat the weed. We left the water at 1715h and, after dropping kit bags at our B&B a mile from the boats, left a CO<sub>2</sub> footprint to the Barnsdale Hotel for excellent supper. We really had forgotten the Optimus.

The B&B, called Lakeside Guest accommodation, The Lodge, Barnsdale, is run by a jolly fly fisherman who offers tuition as his other business. It was most comfortable and located on one of the old roads near to where it enters the lake. The lake shore is well landscaped and the opportunities to walk, bird watch, or cycle looked good. If my children were younger I would have introduced them to this place.

In 1996, when I was up to my eyes building a poultry litter-fired power plant and spent the odd spare evening in the East Anglian countryside browsing *Boatman* magazine, long live Pete Greenfield, I read an article on the Phil Bolger peapod called Sweetpea.

At the time I had an elderly 7' Mashfords pram (£10 worth) which had replaced a Mirror. The pram was a bit like the Gremlin I built as a lad with similar limitations so I was looking for an upgrade.

I enthused about the Bolger design to a Canadian work colleague who was also a Payson/Bolger fan as well as a builder and he posted me a *WoodenBoat* article on building the Peapod. After dreaming the design for a while I posted real dollars for a set of drawings, made a 1/8 model, and launched it in the bath as one does a yellow duck. It was as tippy as a yellow duck.

With a shallow detachable keel, a rudder with a bottom board, and many other odd features, I was fascinated. However, I had the yen for an outboard well and wrote to Harold Payson who replied, "it would stink," and I am sure he was right. Investigations over, there followed much fun and play with the rigged model, then it was time to start building.

Apart from the hull skin being Robbins 5mm meranti, not the suggested 3/8" birch ply,



Mike Hinsley in his Ness Yawl *Badger I* on Rutland Water.

Sunday started calm and bright and we collected the boats from the wooded car park and were afloat within 15 minutes or so and the wind was nil. Out on the lake I was sailing at about 1mph or 1.3ft/sec and the peapod rows at a comfortable 4mph. Mike got ahead of me with his superior ghosting performance, so I stowed sail and started to row. There is something special about rowing on dead calm water. I was shortly to be apprehended by Lake Rangers who approached at about 25 knots in a RIB. Something of a shock on a serene misty morning. They told me I had to sail as rowing was not permitted in that area of the lake. After some discussion about the merits of rowing as an environmentally friendly solution to lack of wind, the sail was hoisted and rowing recommenced.

We crossed the lake and visited Normanton Church which is half sunk in the lake. The last eight metres to the chancel roof, now a gift shop, has a mezzanine floor beneath which is 10 metres of concrete fill.

Surprisingly the shop did not have any pictures of the internals of the original church.

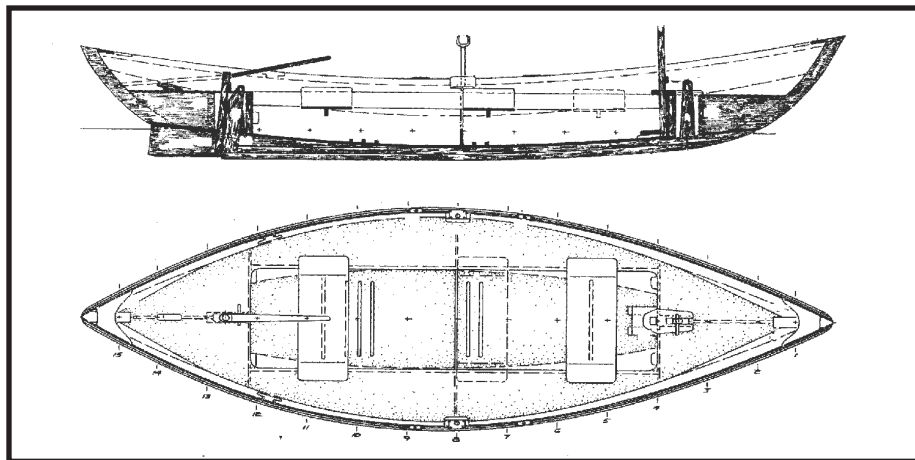
As the afternoon progressed we alighted for a pleasant coffee in the cafe (no need for Optimus) and then the wind started to freshen. Peapod certainly demonstrated its lesser sea-keeping capacity to the Ness Yawl, which passed sedately and unflustered, whereas Peapod was full of excitement with crew moving smartly in the bilge. We had decided to hit the road at around 1500h and shortly before leaving the water I had a new Peapod experience.

The wind was good, swell about half a metre and on a broad reach parallel to the swell when she stopped, it was a bit unnerving. I altered course downwind slightly and she recovered a little. Perhaps she was carrying too much sail. I will have to devise some reefing, I may have been burying the bow but had not noticed it. Another wake-up call to tie everything in.

We made our 1500h deadline and after a very good 24 hours in Rutland went our different motorways, dragging the revitalised woodwork.

## Bolger Peapod

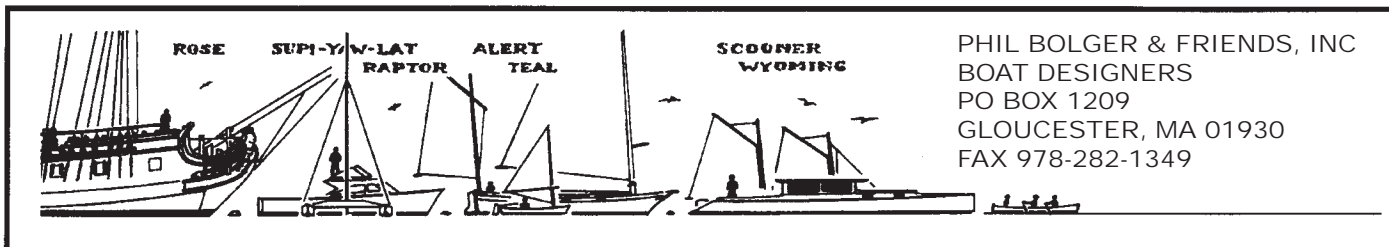
By Paul Apps



the boat is as drawn. I did the offsets/lofting and was delighted at the fit of the panels. Working in inches and eighths was good therapy. It really was a joy to build and weighs about 60kg as a bare hull. Dimensions are 15'x4'4". The 15°C epoxy barrier was a pain to manage with

clear coating but I found a heat gun a good aid to stripping. One hundred and fifty-six hours later (time spent on the tools and excluding dreaming time) it took to the water and I have had great joy with it since. So much so I am still not tired of it after 11 years.





This design was introduced in *MAIB* Vol 25 No 6, August 1, 2007, as Chapter 3 in our ongoing narrative on our “Sustainable Fishing Boat” project here in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Word got around locally and a good soul decided to finance construction of one hull to be built by a friend Dave, a fisherman, and his brother Dan, a contractor from out of state. As these things can go, after quite a bit of talk and extended silence we suddenly found out that construction was underway here in West Gloucester on private property using an old barn. There was no sitdown on any particulars, no introduction to the players, no strategizing on pitfalls and opportunities, an early indication of independence/distance from us. Both had never built a boat before. The *Building Key* suggests

## Bolger on Design

### Blackliner 2K90130P Monitor Version

Update on Design #679-B

#### Specifications:

30'8" length

7'8" beam

12" draft over keel

Approx 2,500lbs dry empty weight

90hp

Around 20kts light

building a skiff as an exercise to practice and fine-tune good work habits for accelerating progress. No skiff was built. Well, by all means we thought, to each their own. These are grown people and it ain't our money or time. We do like self-confidence.

After laying out the options of building either the hardcore Dayboat version or the more yachty Monitor, or going slower with more gear and fish in the displacement version, instead of 20kts+ it would be the fast yacht as Dave intended to just do low drama rod and reel/handlining fishing efforts with limited cockpit requirements, while the larger wheelhouse and the V-berth forward seemed appealing to him and his lady friend between commercial fishing sessions.

Let's follow the pictures with this shot-by-shot commentary:



An insulated room was built inside the barn with electric heat laid on to manage late February '08 New England chills. We would have built the boat lengthwise inside the barn to keep it all inside under a dry roof. The barn had earlier been significantly upgraded with a new beam and a post or two. Removing an 8' section of the gable seemed cheaper than delivering and leveling the crushed rock and building the extension. We were particularly concerned with potentialities of “half-in-half-out” construction such as leakage, snow loads, and temperature differentials along the emerging hull structure, never mind issues during finishing and painting. But we were eager to learn that our concerns were too pessimistic.



The “Warm Room” was well organized with just enough shelving for supplies and tools. They followed the work table proposal to assemble all but the largest hull pieces on. After some beginners' mistakes with epoxy, they moved along in earnest. We saw a brand new gear pump, an abundance of contractor-quality hand and power tools, good self-protection practices, no skimping on stored supplies, and determination to get this unfamiliar type of work moving along.

The “Warm Room” warmed up delivered ply, epoxy, and saw the cutting out and pre-finishing of bulkheads, house, and raised deck sides despite freezing temperatures outside. Working level and cleanliness would come to result in a very fine finish for a one-off working craft built by novices, as we'll see later.



When weather allowed, outside work in the early spring allowed reasonably rapid epoxy cure rates. Payson Joints were mastered early and done cleanly.



After the bulkheads and topsides, along with much of the small hull pieces, had been built according to the *Building Key* it was time to assemble the full-length one-piece 31' x 6' hull bottom lamination. Obviously contractor Dan does framing without hesitation.



As longer-time readers of *MAIB* know, the hull-construction of #679 is identical to #650 "Topaz," of which five plus are out there running with more presumably in the pipeline. The builder of the prototype "Topaz" confirmed little drama assembling the V-nose forefoot as designed, with prior experience likely reflected in his controlling the plywood bend and the need to tack down the edges in a sequence allowing a no-bulge final fastening sequence. Direct personal assurances as to the viability of the geometry were offered by that builder to the crew here.

It is true that there had been minor mis-measurements revealed on the shop floor that were clearly our mistakes, something inherent in any new design's prototype construction. But this did apparently seed doubt as to the reliability of the plans. And in light of neither previous knowledge (respect) of/for PCB's and PB&F's work so far, nor any particularly warm social relationship towards us, the independence noticed earlier grew into impatience with our input. It should be pointed out that our errors would not have slowed down most shops as most were discernable on the plans (certainly the really dumb ones!) before expensive ply would be cut, and all were either a phone call and a few minutes of travel away from amicable resolution. But days and even a week or two would pass without calls or invites to settle problems or to admire progress.

It was at this stage that tension between Dave, Dan, and we two surfaced undeniably. The initial fervor and determination to pursue precise work, necessary to pull together a plywood structure out of pre-calculated pieces, had gradually waned with the project falling into an apparent part-time status, judging by the rate of progress, with the curve continuing downward. We had lent a few more tools such as a big router and a set of large round-over router bits to prep the bottom edge along the chine and transom to keep cost and tool hunting time to a minimum just for a few serious but just limited mileage cuts. We are not privy to fraternal dynamics and have no understanding as to



Either both of us or just Phil alone went the two miles down the road to check with the guys. With this project happening unexpectedly here in our hometown of Gloucester, we were obviously interested in the rapid progress towards successful completion of the hull construction. Both of us have broken just enough nails and have gummed up our hair with epoxy enough to offer reasonably sensible help if and when necessary. We did lend them the WEST<sup>TM</sup> *Epoxy User's Guide* to get many questions read up on before clearing leftovers with us.

the whys and hows. But by Week 9 progress was at approximately late Week 3 level. Both of us together and just Phil alone tried to fathom and support to keep things moving but yielded only mounting resistance. The Project-Financier, living on-site, stayed invisible and no sit-downs would be forthcoming to clear the air and to revitalize the project's progress.

The last time we saw the assembly it had a grotesquely wavy chine line in plan view, holes cut and re-plugged in the outside skin of her forefoot, etc. The plastic roof had leaked and ruined pieces and winter continued to disrupt progress under that tent.

Neither one of us were able to hide our growing dismay of seeing our work rendered with this level of apparent indifference here in our town, right in our faces. Good thing was that we had not advertised the project's genesis or location with only a few folks being aware of it. At any rate, after weeks of growing stomach ache over the course of the project and likely loss of its potential meaning for the port, completing working boats is very rare in Gloucester now, we expressed our exasperation and would come to be complemented off the property in no uncertain terms by early May.

Who needed that? We first enhanced each other's sense of anger and loss, we can be quite whiney indeed, and then came to mutually ease our reaction to it. Cynical one-liners such as "there's Gloucester for you" or "it's easier to get a boat built in Tasmania than here" gave way to moving on notions. It would have been good to share with the fleet this first and lightest of a lower carbon-type working craft. Or take it to the *WoodenBoat* Show, the four-month time frame to late June had seemed conservative with both of us offering to help out personally on the shop floor to move things through a six or eight-handed stage. We had suggested to use our T-50 high-thrust Yamaha to test her with that modest power. Sister-type "Topaz" models had reported between high-teens and low-to-mid 20s with 50hp and 75hp respectively. And our long tongue trailer would worked as well to move her to the launching ramp some three miles down the road. On the other hand, it was not our project, not our time, sort of, not our money, and we felt that we had reached the limits of our effectiveness to get that project into the water.

Periodically we'd hear a snippet somewhere that they were still at it. Slow but persistent it seemed. A guy in a bar remarked that he had seen her and that he could not understand why that amount of work should take this long...

At the same bar we then would come to hear from a lobsterman this February '09 that he'd seen her on a trailer. "Jumpin' Jehosaphat!" They had gotten her done after all! He proceeded with great relish to declare her impractical for work as she had no self-draining cockpit, that she was too short, that the outboard location gave up too much boat length, why an outboard anyway (?), that she was too narrow, and could not take a wave into the cockpit. He advised us that the problem was that we did not understand fishing boats while he was a professional of 20+ years and counting and knew matters.

Indeed! Phil was the example of self-restraint and calm. At any rate, our salty friend offered no word on the fact that two novices had actually persisted and apparently succeeded to build from scratch a 31' hull, something they certainly had never done. Susanne snapped at him across the bar with ten onlookers enjoying the spectacle over their lunch plates... He did eventually volunteer where she could be found. Off we went, armed with eager curiosity and the megazoom pixel camera always on our side around the harbor.





This is how *Robin Jean* greeted us. It's a good shot to see the marriage of flat bottom for medium-speed planning efficiency and a sharp Vee-Nose bow to slice waves. She should be happiest in the low to mid-teens purring along with a reasonable softish bow action. Clean chine sweep! No that is not her road-trailer.



Square to she really shows her lean elegance, particularly how little she has to drag through the water facing a future of \$4, \$5, maybe \$6/gal right after the "Recession/Depression" ends.

Weeks later in early March '09 we found her afloat. Notice her light trim, her tanks must be low.



The color-scheme of white and blue with red bottom looked fine, applied with sharp edges and no runs, and we were impressed with her fine grit finish. They had splurged on the late model radar/nav system.



Stern-to, the prop will remain out of the water and within reach to clear the fishing line that will certainly find its way around to it. Alas, they had chosen a 115hp 2-stroke over the 90hp 4-stroke, they had advised Phil early on that all their buddies told them she'd need at least 140hp to get out of her way. Instead of three tanks she carries two flanking the outboard well.

She is lean indeed, growing from a 6' wide bottom to 7'8" over her rubrails. Whether under sail or early power, 5:1 proportions were once normal with leaner flavors not uncommon. Gloucester fishermen once used mostly for seining a dozen or so surplus pre-WWI US Navy Sub-Chasers measuring 110'x16'!





Her insides show her incomplete finish. Comparing to the line art of her interior arrangement most notably absent are the batteries near the helm, part of her ballast, and the centerboard trunk assembly. We reckon that "the buddies" prevailed with the expertise that a wimpy outboard alternator does not benefit from a stout set of batteries and that it is well known that powerboats never have centerboards! She'll be a handful coming alongside anything in a cross breeze, that's why she needed a deep keel all along, and lobstering typically requires a pinch more control than this shallow light floating hull can offer without the centerboard. Fortunately all this can still be built in eventually.

The wheelhouse top, though, seems to be two-times 1/2" ply versus the 1/8" ply plus 1" foam plus 1/4" ply spec'd out for lighter stiffness, that weight is not good up there. We can't tell the foredeck laminate schedule. Nor can we tell whether she has her built-in foam belt running along much of the inside of her topsides. We do know that the V-nose bow is foamed.

But they got her done and that is serious success. No news on performance yet. We hear that "lobsterman" did not understand that she was built by two guys from scratch. So let's hear it for Dave, Dan, and Robin Jean.



Her cockpit should be safe against falling overboard, measuring 6'6" length by 6' beam by 38"-40" as built, as drawn you'd add 2" with the coaming, better than about any lobsterboat/jigger we see in the fleet. As designed the bottom measures 1" ply plus 2" foam plus 1/2" ply plus chine logs and spine and 4" keel, plenty stiff enough. Yes, you are standing on the inside of her hull bottom. We notice the bilge pump wells built into the cockpit sole laminate but no pumps installed yet, we'd have a square tarp from house top to engine well anyway to keep heavy rain out and discourage most gull poop. Inspection ports reveal poured-in foam surrounding the tanks, but the tanks are either taller than the stock units specified or they are mounted well above the hull bottom?

Plans for #679B on 6 sheets w/35-page Building Key are \$300 and are available only from us, Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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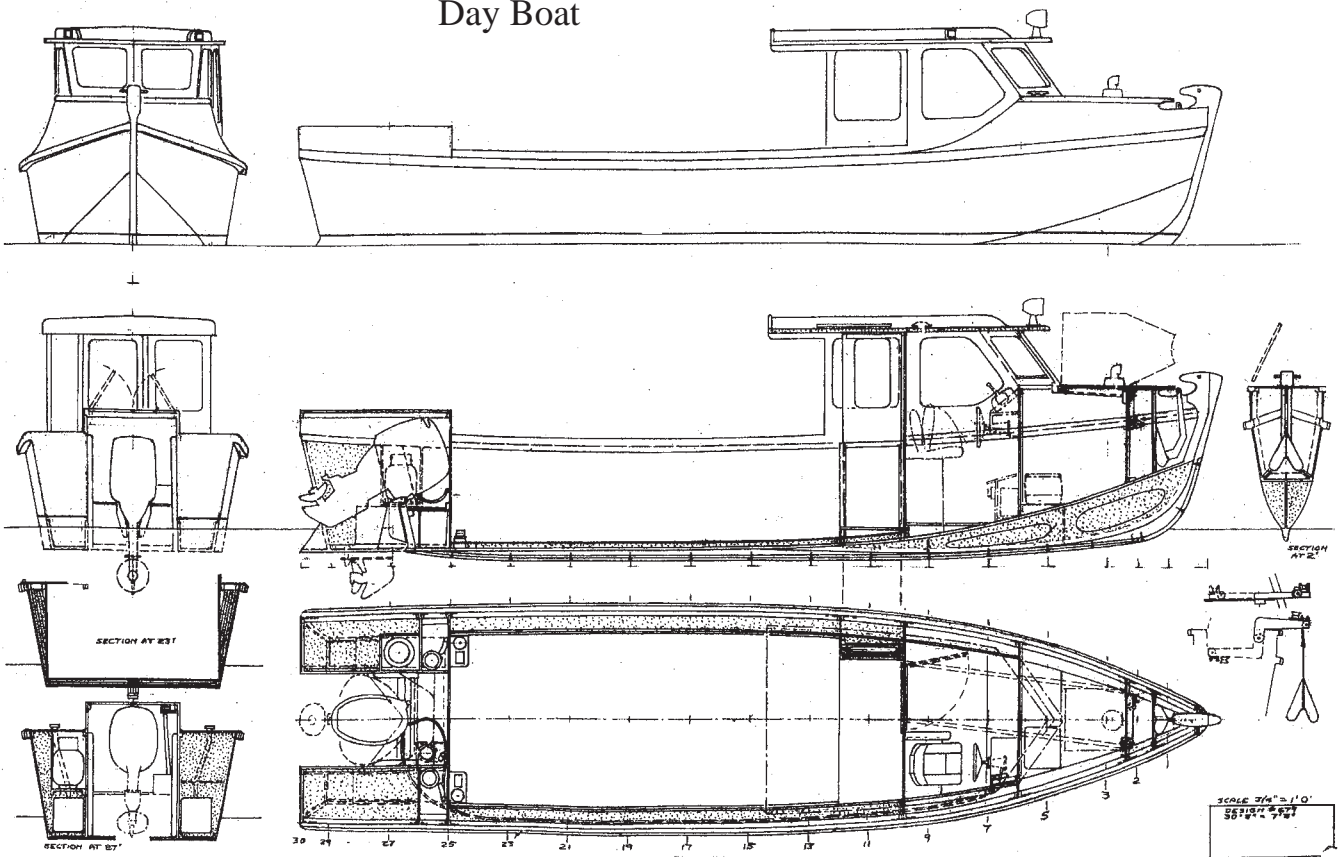
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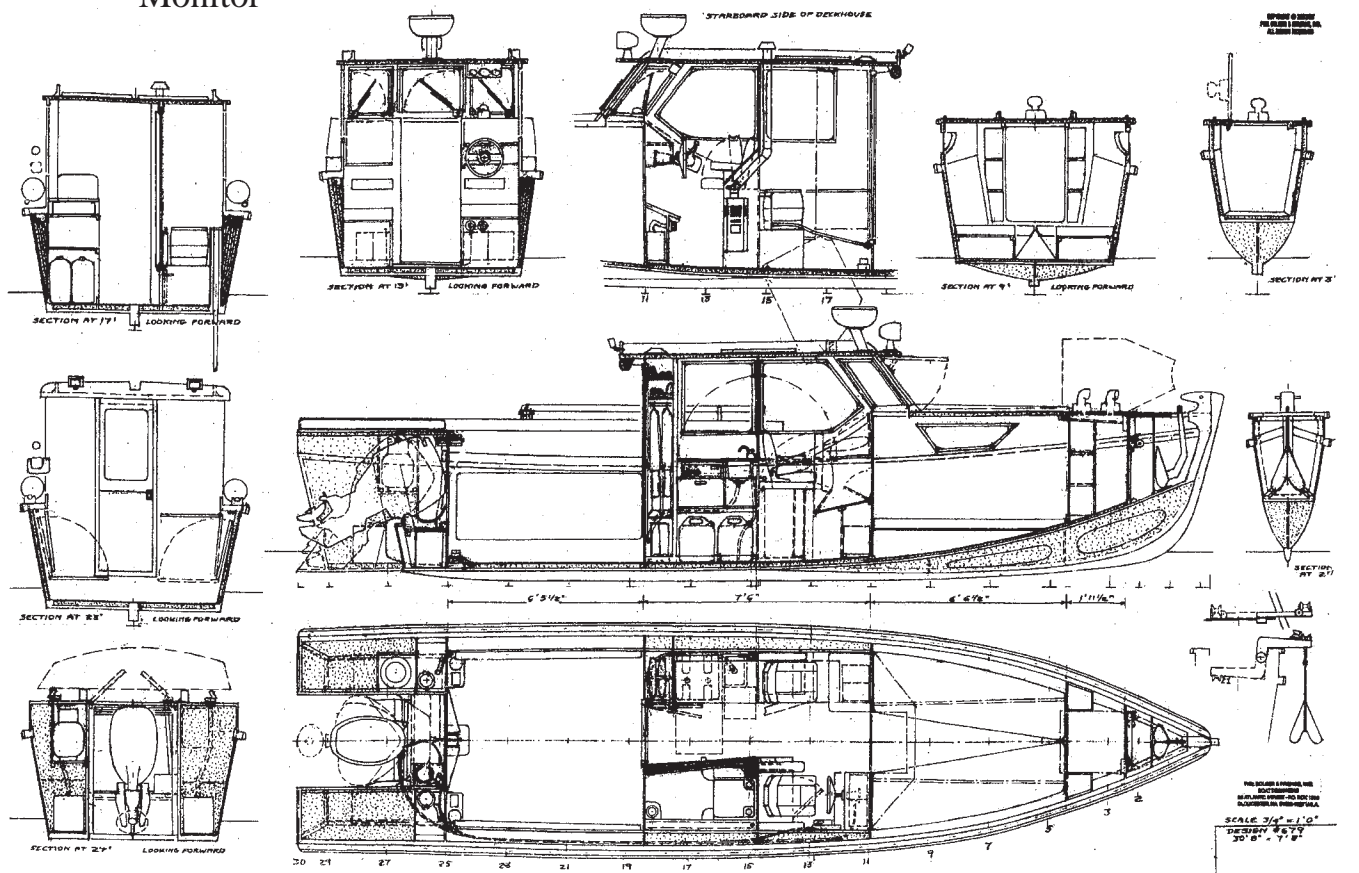
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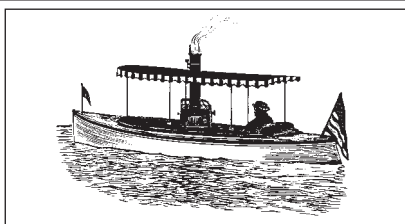
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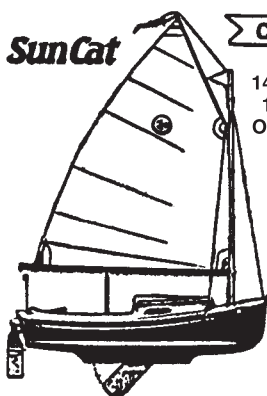
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## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

The legend "half of knowledge is knowing where to find knowledge" is inscribed above the entrance of Dodd Hall, originally the library on the campus of Florida State University. A good deal of knowledge is acquired by reading the reports, reflections, and comments of others who have "been there and done that." Much of the public marine-related material is advertisement or self-promotion but buried away can be gems of information that might come in handy some day. Learning from others (especially their mistakes) is far better than learning from your own experience (the hard way). Granted, with a background in research I view life as a continuous school full of interesting stuff to learn. A friend of mine showed me a manual tachometer that is held to the drive shaft to check the shaft rpm as compared to the engine's tachometer reading. It was neat to learn about this device and how it worked, even if I do not see a reason to own one (at the present time).

A long time back I started subscribing to boating magazines that caught my interest. Along the way some came as gifts (such as this one) and some were promotions that did not stop. Some were short-lived, some lasted a number of years, and some still continue to this day. I think the present count is 20 or so marine-related publications a month (most get read/skimmed).

Three of the magazines I receive present a very interesting picture of the world of commercial boating. Granted, *Marine News* is biased toward the industry but many of the articles might be of interest to those who use the water for recreational purposes. If you are a business person you might want to look at the article in the January '09 issue (p. 22) on calculating the financial status of your business. I am not in any business but the material was very informative. In a like manner, *National Fisherman* provides a view on the commercial fishing industry and its trials and tribulations. The publication also carries information on new technologies that might be of interest to the rest of us (such as hybrid gensets to power the boat at low speeds). Then there is the *Marine Business Journal* devoted to boating, marinas, and the supporting service industry. If you want to calculate the impact of a marina on the surrounding area's financial picture, take a look at [marinaeconomics.com](http://marinaeconomics.com) and the interactive system they have provided. Each of the above publications are probably not standard reading for those who enjoy boating, but they provide an insight as to what the commercial side of the water is doing, their problems, their impact on the recreational boating public, and some possible solutions to identified areas of concern.

Another source of information, aside from the conversations at social occasions, is dedicated electronic list servers. Granted, some of the material posted is not that interesting. But if you want to learn what others know, pose a question and wait for the results. I belong to three lists. One is primarily related to powerboats, the second has mostly sailboat enthusiasts, and the third is aimed at electronic mapping interests. I usually post any boating question on both boating lists to

get the widest possible response. A wide variety of experiences and a vast collection of knowledge is available for the asking.

I have always wanted to learn the basics of how to fly a helicopter. As a Christmas present my wife told me to go out the airport and take advantage of an introductory offer being advertised by a new helicopter service. For \$99 I was given a short presentation on the basics of helicopter operation, how the controls worked, and then went for a ride. While in the air the pilot let me handle the controls! For a brief minute or two I was a "helicopter pilot." Let me tell you that a helicopter handles a great deal differently than a fixed-wing aircraft. If I was to get serious (and win the Florida Lottery to afford the \$320/hour cost) about learning to fly a helicopter, I would have to learn a whole new set of responses to fly a helicopter correctly.

Different boats handle differently. This is one reason I always suggest to anyone interested in purchasing a boat to go out on a number of boats (one reason for having boating friends) and see what they like and don't like about the boat. You also need to see what it takes to sail/power that boat safely and properly. I also suggest reading up on the boats you might consider buying to see what others have to say about that style/model of water transportation. My wife and I tried a number of different boats before we found one that we liked and did what we wanted to do most of the time. Except for two new boats (and one of them was unfinished) we found boats that needed repair/rebuild and that we could afford. I learned a great deal about fiberglass and boat carpentry techniques along the way and we had a lot of fun with the different boats. Repairing each boat also taught me a great deal about boat construction.

Part of learning about a boat is such characteristics as a boat's "carry distance." Just how far will inertia carry the boat after the engine is put in neutral (or the sails luffed)? Each boat has a different carry distance depending on the tide, wind, and displacement of the boat. In calm water with no tide or wind to affect it, my Sisu 26 (7,200lbs displacement) will move about three boat lengths before it stops. Our 16' (1/O) went about one boat length when the transmission was put in neutral at idle speed. A friend's 36' ketch can go about 100 yards when the engine is put in neutral at idle speed.

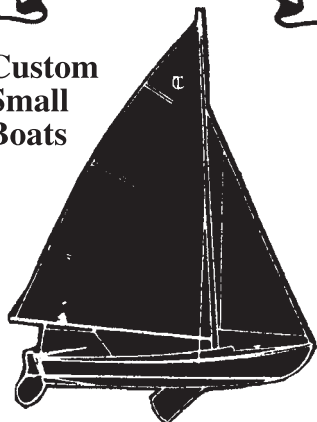
Another important aspect of any boat is how quickly the rudder answers the helm and the boat responds to the rudder movement. It is good to know the delay between the movement of the helm and the rudder. It is also helpful to know the delay between the movement of the rudder and the actual change of direction of the boat. If you have a hydraulic or straight rod connection between the helm and the rudder, the delay is reduced a good deal. The boat my father used had cables running from the helm to the outboard. No matter how often we tightened the turnbuckles there was some slack in the cable and a few seconds delay in the movement of the outboard after the helm (in that case a wheel) was turned. The longer the hull and the more displacement of the vessel results in a slower response to changes in the helm simply because of inertia.

In both of the above cases (carry and helm response) it all depends on the boat and conditions and this knowledge is something you would like to know before you try docking an unfamiliar boat!



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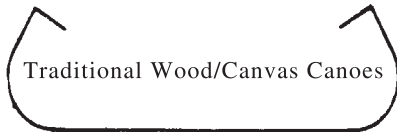
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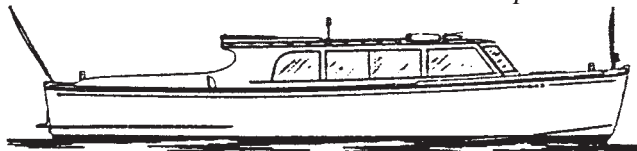


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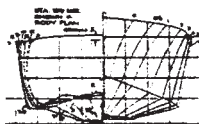
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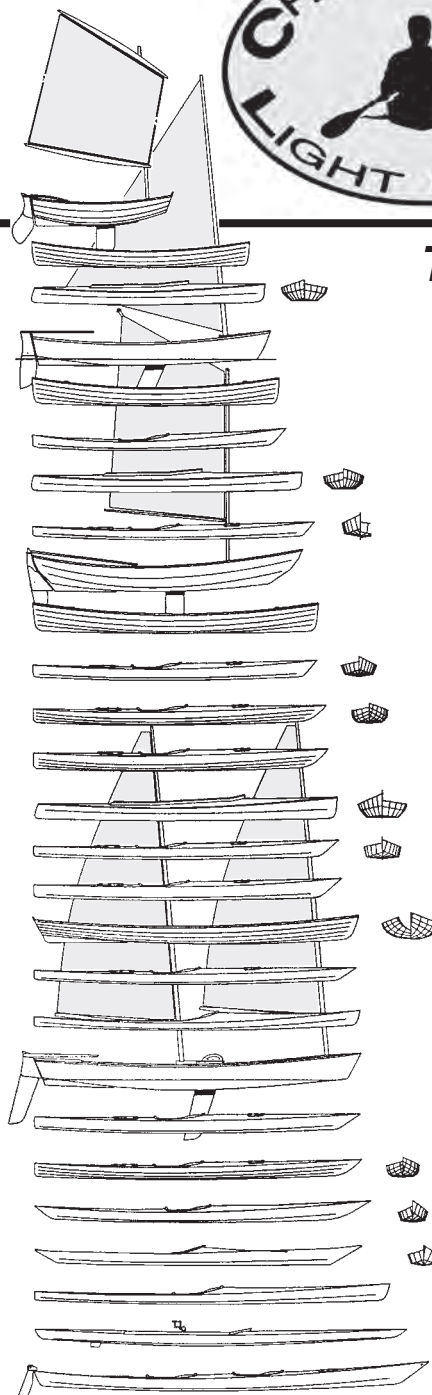
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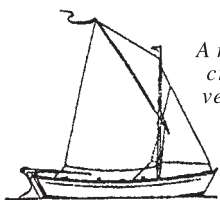
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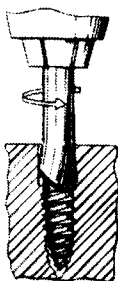


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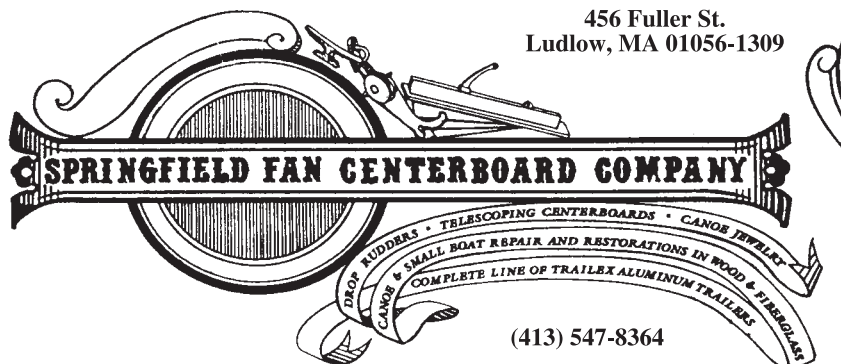
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# CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

## BOATS FOR SALE



**25'x8'x2' Trawler**, custom blt '02 by previous owner on '70 Cal-25 fg hull as Florida liveaboard. FG over okoume ply, sleeps 2, full galley w/pcw, pumpout Sanipotti, 12/110, VHF, FF, comp, tach, AM/FM/CD, well equipped. Roomy, airy layout with 6 large opening screened ports, solar vent, abundant storage, 6' headroom thruout. 9.9hp Yamaha Hi-Thrust 4-stroke ob gives easy 6kt cruise @ 3hrs/gal! Reliable, simple, carefree cruising on a budget. Easily trailerable, but no trailer. \$3,000. JOHN GREASON, Lincoln, DE, (302) 422-2405, j.greason@comcast.net (6)



**'79 Chappiquidick 25 Catboat**, Ted Brewer designed fg Cape Cod catboat (as shown on page 50 of *The Catboat Book*. I have enjoyed *Cape Girl* for the last 16 years but now I need a trailerable 18'-20' fg catboat w/tabernacle (hinged) mast that I can haul to Florida each winter. *Cape Girl* is a very beautiful & safe vessel which has been sailed to the Bahamas by her first owner, used as a residence on Chesapeake Bay by her second owner and sailed to Cape Cod and the islands by my family. She is ready to cruise w/her 6' standing headroom, new Oceanus tan gaff main and 3GM30 Yanmar Diesel. Incl 200' of chain & CQR anchor, bow & cabin top windlass, galley, 2 burner stove w/oven & sink, cockpit mounted Garmin GPS & compass, fathometer, enclosed head w/Lavac wc. Dodger & cockpit cushions are Sunbrella (toast) & saloon cushions are Sunbrella (Nantucket green). Asking \$35,900 or comparable swap. Presently in Mattapoisett, MA. CAL PERKINS, Mattapoisett, MA, (508) 758-4740 (6)

**Potter 19**, in Buffalo, NY. \$6,500. Has 5hp 4-stroke Honda, galv trlr, anchors, cushions, nice compass, depth sounder, swim ladder, anchor light, Portapotty, stove & great cockpit cover that makes hanging around in the cockpit fun in rain or shine. I don't think you'll have to buy anything else. Everything in vry gd cond. BRIAN LEWIS, Buffalo, NY, (716) 870-3467 (6)

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Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



**Bridges Point 24**, launched '88, yard maintained, single owner. Designed by Joel White & finished under his supervision at the Brooklin Boatyard. Dark green hull w/gold-leaf cove stripe. Jib, genoa, reacher, jiffy reefing main (bags for all) and sail cover, self tailing sheet winches, compass, bilge pump, Danforth anchor and rode, 4 life jackets, 2 fenders, docking lines, 4hp ob, removable stern engine mounting bracket, 7' oar, 2 floating seat cushions, 2 string storage hammocks below, bucket & sponge, locking companionway slides & seat lockers. Location Stonington, ME. Price: \$35,000. STAN MYERS, (603) 643-2389, stanmyers@kahres.kendal.org (6)



**12' Vermont Packboat**, brand new, never used, inside storage, handmade in Vermont by Adirondack Guideboat, Inc. 12' 46lb boat is light, fast, safe, seaworthy & easy to row. 3 seats, will carry 2 adults & a child. Light enough for most women to carry. No need for a boat trailer, it comes with 4 custom rubber foam "bumpers" which attach to the edges of the boat allowing placement on top of a car & tie down w/supplied straps. Deluxe Model w/Kevlar/fiberglass hull, Kevlar reinforced skid plates to protect from hard landings & rocky shorelines, 3 caned chery seats, cherry gunwales & decks, floorboards & footbrace, passenger's seatback, rowers fancy seatback along with 7' chery oars w/custom Oar Bag. Included is a lockable Tie-down Yoke. \$2,700. WALT KEATING, Milton, VT, (802) 893-2067 (6)



**26' Kaiser Full Keel Sloop**, '72, LOA 27'6", LOD 26', Beam 7'10", Draft 4', Displ 6,200lbs, Ballast 2,700lbs. Sleeps 4 w/6' headroom. Boat & sails in gd cond. Solidly built by John Kaiser, Sr. of Wilmington, DE. Lovely, quick & comfortable sailer. \$10,000. DORA MELTREDER, Brooksville, ME, (207) 326-9676 (6)

**11' Sailing Dinghy**, fg Rhodes design Robin w/3hp Johnson folding ob & trlr. All in exc cond. \$1,700. DAVID RUTHERFORD, Cape May Pt, NJ, (609) 884-7549 (6)

**26' Pearson Commander**, '65 winter project ready for spring TLC, brightwork. Sound boat, 3 sails, much other stuff incl custom trlr. ED WALKER, Mystic, CT, (860) 245-0713 (6)

**14' Penn Yan Runabout**, '32. cedar on oak. \$1,200. JAMES DOOLAN, Middlebury, VT, (802) 388-4119 (6)



**15'8" Scott Canoe**, square stern, green '05 Makobe model. Pd \$1,345 new, asking half, \$672. R. TURNER, 5 Birch Ln, Villa Grove, IL 61956, (217) 832-9724, jturner22vg@yahoo.com (5)



**Pert Lowell 13' Sailboat**, Always garage kept, in like new cond. Sitka spruce spars, spirit rig, Shaw & Tenney oars, trlr in exc cond. Please e-mail or call for more photos. \$7,000. SCOTT A. WEGLARZ, Williamsport, PA, (570) 368-3002, penngrp@verizon.net (5)

**13' Sweet Dream Ultralite Solo Canoe**, built at *WoodenBoat* School under tutelage of designer Marc Pettingill. This boat has seen little use. Incl book w/all building information, now asking reduced price of \$999. **Mill Creek 13 Kayak**, well-known Chesapeake Light Craft design built in *WoodenBoat* School class with former CLC owner Chris Kulczycki. Incl instruction manuals, also little used. Asking \$1,300. Either boat delivered southern New England.  
KEN WEEKS, W Hartford, CT, (860) 521-2225, kww128@comcast.net (5)



**Mini-Sandbagger**, strip plank built '04 by Mac McCarthy in Sarasota, FL of juniper & mahogany. FG & epoxy inside & out. Sloop rigged "gaffer" w/ hollow basswood spars. 11' LOD x14'6" LOA x5' Beam. One of a kind may be the last boat built by Mac. \$2,200 w/trlr in Port Charlotte, FL  
HERRICK THOMPSON, Harbour Hts, FL, (941)979-9368, woodwind7@comcast.net (5)

**25' Cape Dory**, '77, many upgrades, 4 new bunk cushions, head, galley, 9.9 ob, newer sails, rollerfurl genoa, full gear, gd cond. Summer price \$8,500, NOW \$7,025. Located Rockport, ME.  
MERVYN TAYLOR, Rockport, ME, (207) 763-3533, merv@tidewater.net (5)



**'81 Marshall Sandpiper**, Hull #541. Hurricane Charlie restoration project halted. Hull seaworthy & sound. Sails, spars, rigging & trlr incl. Poor cosmetically, looking for new owner to complete work & enjoy. \$2,500.  
DONALD PIGEON, New Port Richey, FL, (727) 376-7391, donpigeon@yahoo.com (5)

## BOATS WANTED

**Vintage Craft Wanted:** The Passaic River Boat Club in northern NJ, as part of its efforts to bring back recreational boating to the lower Passaic River, is embarking on an initiative to celebrate the rich maritime history of this local waterway. As part of this initiative we are interested in acquiring through donation any vintage watercraft that could be used as part of our effort to educate the public about this waterway and showcase the river's rich maritime history. These watercraft would ultimately be part of a future club event, the Passaic River Maritime Heritage Festival. No major project boats please, but reasonable tlc is ok. Trailerable (to 20') is preferred. More details available:  
ED MARCHESE, Clifton, NJ (973) 779-6283 (n2te@yahoo.com)

**Sunfish**, in NJ area.  
GARY RAYNOR, Little Egg Harbor, NJ, (609) 296-4129 (6)

## GEAR FOR SALE

**Marine Engine**, antique Universal "Fisherman", 1-cyl, about 5hp w/reversing gear. Gd cond. \$500.  
DAVID RUTHERFORD, Cape May Pt, NJ, (609) 884-7549 (6)

**Marine Engines:** '49 Gray Marine 4-cyl Scout w/ trans, shaft, prop, thru hull hdw. Running when removed from boat. \$1,400. Fairbanks Morse Diesel, 2-cyl 38hp w/trans, shaft & prop.  
JAMES DOOLAN, Middlebury, VT, (802) 388-4119 (6)

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WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Road, Garden, MI 49835 (410)

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**Lead Wanted**, I need 800lbs for a keel for a Bolger designed Herreshoff-12 that I am building. Scrap lead, an old keel, tire weights will do. Located in eastern MA, please. I will pick up.  
JOHN FISKE, Prides Crossing, MA, (978) 921-5220, johnfiske@comcast.net (6)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



**Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak**, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions. \$55. SASA for more info.  
ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256, West Mystic, CT 06388. (1209)



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GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, [www.Glen-L.com](http://www.Glen-L.com) (TFP)



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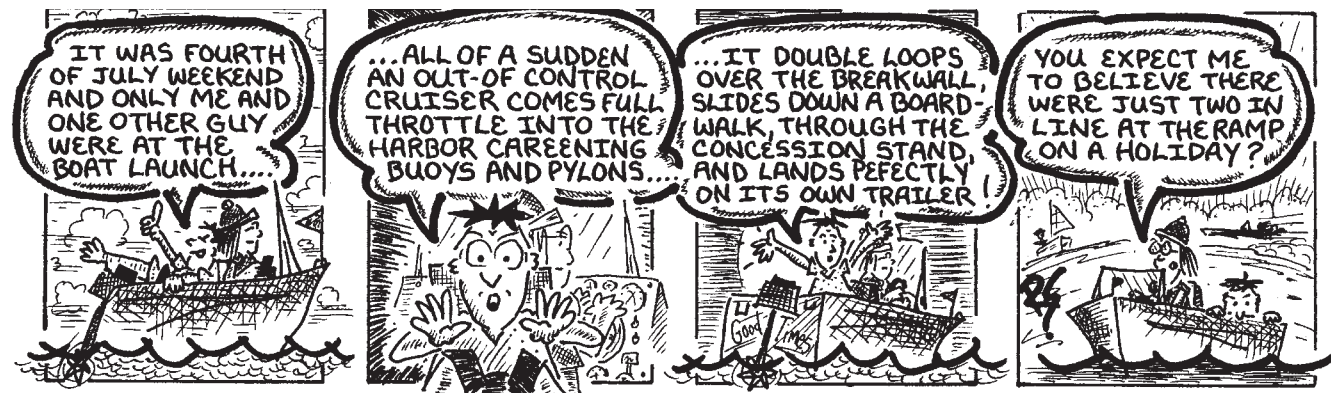
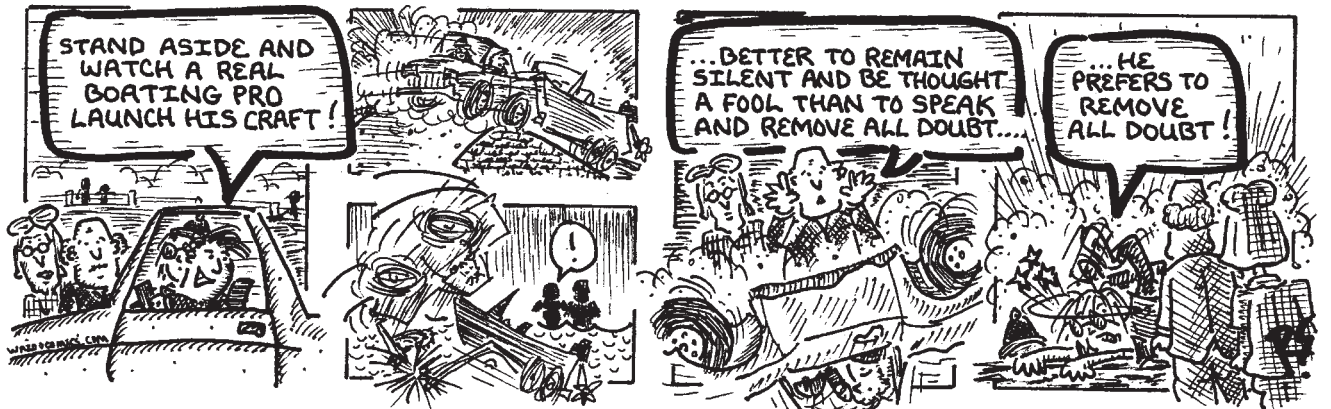
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## At the Ramp



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Steve and Dave... Just wanted to take a moment to thank you for enriching my existence in a couple of ways. First, the guide boat you shipped to us last fall is fantastic. It's the only boat I've ever owned and I can't wait to get back on the lake with it next spring. Second, your intro to Brooks Townes was a great thing. He and I have become friends and I must say, he is the most interesting person I've ever met. Unfortunately, he and Judy are moving back to the west coast next spring, so I probably won't get to do much more rowing with him. This photo is of Brooks, his wife and my wife in my boat on Lake Fairfield, North Carolina. Feel free to use it if you like. Also, great news on the upcoming shoot with Martha Stewart. Can't wait to see how it comes out. Thanks again and best wishes for the season. Henri

## Upcoming Shows

May 16-7 Adirondack Boat Show, Inlet, NY \*\*  
May 23-25 Woodstock Craft Show, New Paltz, NY \*\*  
June 6-7 Fairport Canal Days, Fairport, NY \*\*  
June 19-21 Antique Boat Show, St Michaels, MD \*\*  
June 20-21 Crafts at Rhinebeck, Rhinebeck NY  
June 26-29 Wooden Boat Show, Mystic Seaport, CT \*\*  
July 3-4 Berkshire Arts Festival, Great Barrington, MA \*\*  
July 17-19 Antique Boat Show, Hammondsport, NY \*\*  
July 17-19 Lakeside Living Expo, Gilford, NH \*\*  
July 24-26 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY \*\*  
July 31-Aug 2 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton NY \*\*  
Aug 7-9 Maine Boats, & Harbors Show, Rockland, ME \*\*  
Sep 11-13 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, WA \*\*  
Oct 8-12 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD  
Oct 15-18 US Powerboat Show, Annapolis, MD

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